

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 29, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



R. VICKERY

PAT NIXON

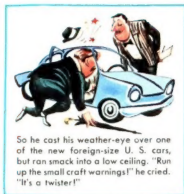
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"Thunderation!" cried the weather man. "The 1960 prices of my low-priced car are high as a hurricane's eye, and it's as big as a blimp. I predict a sudden change."



So he cast his weather-eye over one of the new foreign-size U. S. cars, but ran smack into a low ceiling. "Run up the small craft warnings!" he cried. "It's a twister!"



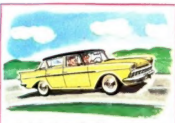
Then, quick as lightning, this thought flashed through his mind. "What I need," said he, "is the only car with the best of both—big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease."



And there in the sun stood Rambler—backed by 10 years and 25 billion owner-driven miles. "I see a surging sales tide," said he, "to the smartest Rambler ever."



He found Rambler's ride as gentle and quiet as a billowy cloud, parking a breeze. "And there's room inside for six big forecasters complete with high barometers," he said.



And thanks to Rambler savings on price, gas, and resale value, he wears a sunny smile with every mile he drives in his 1960 Rambler. You will, too. See Rambler soon.

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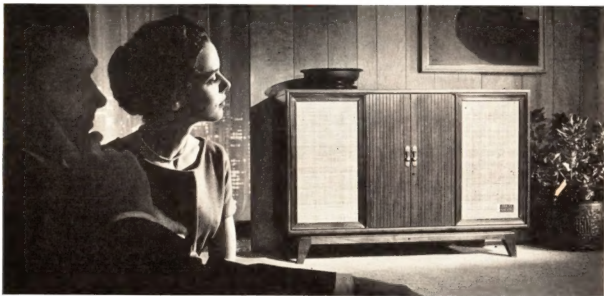
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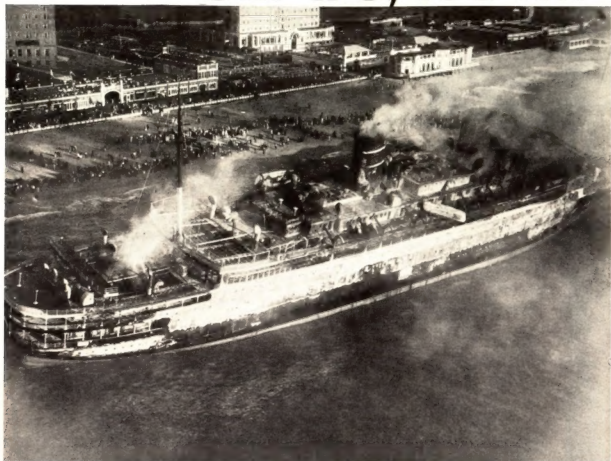
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SEPT. 8, 1934...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE



It is the last night at sea—but the traditional ball has been cancelled because of the Captain's death. On the bridge, the First Officer scans the darkness for the friendly beacon of Sea Girt Light. It is 2:50 A.M. A seaman reports strange smoke midship. Only minutes later, the fire is beyond control and the ship's wireless begins to crackle "SOS... SOS," followed by "KGOV," call letters of the Morro Castle!

The tragic burning and loss of the Morro Castle that fateful morning off the coast of New Jersey resulted in insurance losses of more than \$4 million. Important participants in the coverage of this

loss, were companies of the renowned Royal-Globe Insurance Group.

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there's an exciting story behind this can

It's a story that goes from Mid-Western lakes and a mid-winter tent in Wisconsin, to the Canadian woods, and, finally, to you with gasoline can in hand.

Two men and a tiller... in the dead of winter

We first see our gasoline can sharing a tent with two men in Wisconsin. Outside, icy winds howl and the temperature is way below freezing. The two men are not campers, hunters, or fishermen, but engineers from Outboard Marine's Midland Company. Their job is to test a Midland gasoline-operated rotary tiller on the heavy, tough Northern soil. But why test it in Wisconsin during a near-Arctic winter? Because Southern soils are too light. Nothing but actual tests on the rugged and heavy Northern soil will satisfy Outboard Marine. The Midland rotary tiller passed every test. Then, and only then, was it ready to go on the market. Every Outboard Marine product must pass tests under the most rugged conditions of use. The real value of an Outboard Marine product is the satisfaction it provides its user.

Woods-tested and woods-tough

Let's shift now, with our gasoline can, to the timber country of northeastern Canada. There, tough-as-trees lumberjacks were given a new gasoline-powered chain saw. "Give it the works," they're told. They did. With it, they cut the biggest trees, even frozen hardwoods, in the coldest weather. Made it stand up and take



the toughest punishment. Improvements and new features were added... based on the loggers' suggestions and criticisms. Finally, when it out-worked the woodsmen themselves, the Pioneer Chain Saw was ready to go to market and into the woods... far from repair shops and trained mechanics.

Black Mondays in Waukegan

Now, our gasoline can sees a complete contrast to logging country and near-Arctic wilderness. It goes to the pleasant, lakeside city of Waukegan, Illinois, halfway between Chicago and Milwaukee. But, Monday can be a bad day for certain citizens. Every Friday, hundreds of employees take Johnson outboard motors... standard models... from the employees motor pool. During the weekend, they use them for water-skiing, for fishing, and for cruising. And, it's a Black Monday, indeed, for the engineer or inspector responsible for a component part that's failed... and spoiled a weekend's fun. "What kind of a wingus-dingus do you call this?" "This is engineering?" It can be very disturbing. Scenes like this occur also

at the Evinrude plant in Milwaukee, and at the Gale plant in Galesburg, Illinois. Outboard Marine has found that the real test of its products is their ultimate use by people.

\$2,000 to cut a single blade of grass

Our gasoline can isn't always outdoors. Sometimes, it goes indoors to Outboard Marine's research laboratory. Here, the lawn moves, and the power mower remains stationary. In the winter, grass is grown indoors in flats. The flats are then placed on a conveyor belt which passes underneath a LAWN-BOY® power mower. High-speed movie cameras film the action that occurs when cutting blade meets grass. The cost—more than \$2,000 to see the cutting of a single blade. The purpose—to see what happens when the cutting blade turns at various speeds. Too slow a speed—the grass merely bends and whips back erect after the blade has passed. But, at the right speed, the blade neatly shears the stem. At other times, the gasoline can goes outdoors to test strips. There, Lawn-Boy engineers cut all types of grass under all kinds of conditions. As a result, a LAWN-BOY® power mower cuts quickly and efficiently at precisely the right speed without wasting power. And, it takes tough terrain and tough grass in its stride.

What is the goal?

There is only one goal in mind. That you, and millions of other Americans, can live, work, and play better outdoors with gasoline-powered products of Outboard Marine Corporation.

THE SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960
HAS BEEN TEST-DRIVEN
THE EQUIVALENT OF 20 YEARS
OF ROUGH USE. YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO KEEP ANY
STATION WAGON THAT LONG.
BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT.



Body and frame are welded as one unit with Dura-Quiet Unibody construction.

The point is Plymouth with Dura-Quiet Unibody should cost less to keep up, give more satisfaction and a better deal when you trade. We feel that this '60 Plymouth is the best built, best performing of all the low-price station wagons today.

Chrysler Corporation engineers decided on their new version of unit construction for wagons only after 200,000 test-track miles in a prototype Plymouth.

Close to 5900 steel-tight welds bind body and undersills into one: the strong, quiet, solid Unibody. Conventional body bolts are gone; so are the rattles that resulted. Doors, windows, tailgate fit tight. Rust and corrosion yield to new manufacturing processes.

With virtually trouble-free Unibody as its heart, your Plymouth Suburban will last. You should spend considerably less for maintenance over the miles.

What is more, this big, beautiful, comfortable wagon offers you many sensible features—features that make your Plymouth wagon more useful, more enjoyable. Drive it today.

A Chrysler-engineered product, built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction.

SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

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This friendly businessman will show you the wide choice of softly glowing colors or whitest white, with the glistening chrome of U/R's distinctive Luxury Trim Fittings.

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is a good man to know!*

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LETTERS

A Nomination

Sir: Being a daily reader of the New York Times and an admirer of Scott Reston's editorial abilities for some time, I thoroughly enjoyed your cover story [Feb. 13]. TIME and the Times are the major sources with which I keep up with the world.

ROGER A. KENNEDY

Cheshire, Conn.

SIR:

YOUR RESTON ARTICLE TREMENDOUS, WHY ALL THIS NONSENSE ABOUT STATE PRIMARIES AND FIRST AND SECOND AND THIRD RALEPHS AT CONVENTIONS? WHY NOT ELECT A MAN WHO HAS ABILITY, EXPERIENCE, INTELLIGENCE AND INDEPENDENCE? TIME IS NOW TO MOBILIZE YOUR READERSHIP AND ELECT RESTON PRESIDENT AND BARBARA WARD VICE PRESIDENT ON A TWO-WORD PLATFORM: "NO DOUBT TALK."

WALTER WANGER

LOS ANGELES

Sir:

It's all right to put Scotty Reston on the cover (he has been my favorite columnist for years); it's all right to put polka dots on his necktie; but it's all wrong to smear him on his face and make him look as if he has leprosy.

M. I. KELLY

Atlanta

Clear Vision

SIR:

HAVE I JUST READ YOUR EXCELLENT ARTICLE "CONTACTS IN THE EYE" [Feb. 8], YOU PRESENTED THE SOUDEST TREATMENT OF CONTACT LENSES I HAVE SEEN. COLLEGIATE PERSONS SHOULD NOW BE AWARE OF GET-RITE-QUICK OPERATORS.

GEORGE W. MASTEN, JR.

CHAIRMAN

COMMITTEE ON CONTACT LENSES
AMERICAN OPTOMETRIC ASSOCIATION
ST. LOUIS

Sir:

I have been wearing S&J Japanese contact lenses for over two years in my daily judo practices without any discomfort or dislodgment.

JOSÉ I. ESTRADA

Hamburg, Germany

The Barricades

Sir:

After being introduced to Correspondent Frank White by the picture in the Publisher's Letter [Feb. 8], how many readers



CORRESPONDENT WHITE (WITH GLASSES)

turned a few paces and again saw Correspondent White just outside the insurgent barricades?

THOMAS J. FOLLANSBEE

Enfield, N.H.

¶ See cut.—Ed.

Sir:

Regarding your Feb. 8 article, "Three Who Defied De Gaulle," you refer to Pierre Lagaille as regarding himself as "anti-Semitic." To an American this would probably be interpreted as being anti-Jewish whereas in Lagaille's frame of reference this might be interpreted as an anti-Arab sentiment, since they too are a Semitic people. Please clarify.

JULIUS MENACKER

Chicago

¶ Lagaille is both.—Ed.

A Descriptive Word or Two

Sir:

I want to tell you how happy I was with the article in the Feb. 1 issue [SHOW BUSINESS]. It was very gratifying.

I did notice that there was a slight error, which I do not think you will mind my calling attention to. It concerns my African name, and if I may, I would like to spell it correctly for you.

Zenzile Makeba Ogwashu Ngwama Yiketheli Ngwama Bantana Balomzi Xa Ujini Ukhaphulula Ukhaphukeli Mbiza Yotshala Sithi Xa Saku Qelila Ukunja Sithathe Izizulu Sizi Khaba Singama Lawu Singama Ogwashu Singama Ngqamla Ngqithi

The reason for its length is that every child takes the first name of all his male ancestors. Often following the first name is a descriptive word or two, telling about the character of the person, making a true African name somewhat like a story. This may sound most unusual to Americans, but it is the custom of my people.

MIRIAM MAKEBA

New York City

¶ Freely translated, the descriptive word or two in Miriam Makeba's name say: "There is a saying that after dinner, the Xosa kick the dishes."—Ed.

Well Done

Sir:

Your favorable review of the motion picture *Journey to the Center of the Earth* [Feb. 14] has been read with mixed emotions.

I was pleased and happy to find that you had so many good things to say about it. But, since I directed the picture, I felt keen disappointment in that I was unable to discover any mention of the director's name, nor, in fact, could I discover any mention of the direction. I must assume that had you mentioned either, you would have done so in words as praiseful as the others which had gone before.

There have been occasions in the past when you have dealt with me unkindly, and your unkind cuts have been read by myself and my closest friends and relatives and many of my dearest enemies. It seems a shame, therefore, that when an opportunity arose to write "well done"—or at least "medium well"—you failed me.

HENRY LEVIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Five Little Words

SIR:

TIME STAFFERED IN ITS COMMENTS ON "THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL IN ITS BOSTON SHOWINGS, I NEVER WROTE ANY SCENE IN A MOTEL, BUT ALONE, ONE BEING PUT ON THE STAGE, FURTHER, YOUR IMPLICATION THAT A FOUR-LETTER WORD WAS TAKEN OUT BECAUSE IT SHOCKED AUDIENCES IS ERRONEOUS. A THREE-LETTER WORD, A FOUR-LETTER WORD, A FIVE-LETTER WORD, A SIX-LETTER WORD, AND A SEVEN-LETTER WORD WERE DELETED FOR VARIOUS REASONS. THE THREE-LETTER WORD WAS GOD, THE FOUR-LETTER WORD WAS LOVE, PERHAPS TIME'S READERS CAN GUESS THE OTHERS.

DANIEL TA'ADASH

PHILADELPHIA

When in Rome

SIR:

TIME QUOTES POPE JOHN TO THE EFFECT THAT "THE CHURCH HAS MAINLY AN UPRIGHT DUTY TO ADVISE LAYMEN ON HOW TO VOTE IN ELECTIONS," AND "LAYMEN MAY NOT ATTEND NON-CATHOLIC CHURCH SERVICES" [Feb. 5]. WHY CALL PROTESTANTS-BROGHT WHO WORRY ABOUT PUTTING CATHOLIC LAYMEN IN THE WHITE AREA?

P. T. TOHIN

NEW YORK CITY

Sir:

Perhaps these rules are acceptable to Rome. This for sure: "The Rules for Rome" are not acceptable here. We can't play the game of democracy without freedom of political thought and expression. It is the prime rule and the most cherished. Without it, the game is ended.

M. DONALD CARDWELL

Bordentown, N.J.

Mixed Marriage

Sir:

The only trouble with the romance of Warren Sutton and Dorothy Lebohn is the prejudice of their small-town, small-minded

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A Word to the Wise: "They ECONOMIZE!"

FLORSHEIM

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elider. If Mr. Lebohrner were to look around any large city, he would see many successful mixed marriages. I have been the husband in one for four years. I, my Negro wife and our children are perfectly happy.

Let Warren and Dorothy get married if they're in love. But they'd better not settle in that small town where people print in their college catalogues the fine principles that they don't have the guts or the decency to live by.

H. FRANKLIN KISSANE

Los Angeles

Problems to Solve

SIR:

SOMEONE DREAMING IN SUGGESTING GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATURE STUNNED BY PLANNERS' FORECASTS, ALTHOUGH MANY ALASKANS STUNNED BY TIME'S UNFORTUNATE STORY [Feb. 8]. WHAT OTHER STATE IS VIRTUALLY WITHOUT BONDED INDEBTEDNESS WHILE MAINTAINING MODERATE SURPLUS WITHOUT GENERAL TAX INCREASE IN THREE YEARS? AS ALL STATES, ALASKA HAS PROBLEMS, NOW HEIGHTENED BY THEIR EXAGGERATED PORTRAYAL.

WILLIAM A. EGAN
GOVERNOR OF ALASKA

WILLIAM E. BELTZ
PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE
WARREN A. TAYLOR
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES
ALASKA STATE LEGISLATURE

JUNEAU, ALASKA

Scripture & Law

Sir:

According to Theologian Otto Dibelius' past interpretation of *Romans 13* [Feb. 8], God sanctions the "powers that be" because of his plan. This justifies the murder of Jews and "worthless life" by the all-powerful Nazis.

By the same reasoning, the ever increasing growth of powerful Communism must predict God's plan for suicide.

Mrs. LOUIS SIGEL

Dallas

Sir:

Otto Dibelius would do well to peruse the rest of *Romans 13*, especially Verse 8: "Owe no man anything save to love one another: for he who loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law."

N. G. MARKO

Belmont, Mass.

Rich Man, Sick Man

Sir:

In reference to your cover story on Humphrey [Feb. 1], it is interesting to think that for so long the Republican Party has been thought of as the party for big business and the wealthy. But of the five candidates most discussed as Democratic presidential candidates, only one is not a millionaire, and Senator Humphrey seems to be running last.

JOE W. REDBURN

Los Angeles

Sir:


The Democratic leaders who so vehemently attacked our beloved Ike during his illness should have their attention called to the physical handicaps of the hopefuls.

Symington had a nerve severed to correct a stubborn hypertension. Kennedy has suffered from a severe spinal condition. Humphrey had a calcified lung. Johnson suffered a severe heart attack at the prime-of-life period. If Morse can be included, he was kicked in the head by a horse.

JOHN H. GUNTHER

Clifton, Va.

TIME, FEBRUARY 29, 1960



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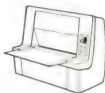
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LES REASONS-WHY: 1. The price you pay is \$1645; 2. Drive over 300 miles on a tank of gas (up to 40 mpg); save up to 60% on gas bills! 3. Now, lower insurance premiums granted by some insurance companies because of the greater safety and maneuverability; 4. One of the best-organized service-and-parts networks in the country with over 800 (!) U.S. dealers, (over 150 more in Canada), all with factory-trained men on hand; 5. Striking engineering & design advances include smooth-operating rear-engine, unit construction, four-doors, elegant Parisian lines; 6. Many more, see for yourself.

La Situation Today: you've been reading about the great changes in the automobile picture. Well... go compare, see, check. Feature for feature. Dollar for dollar. Then come back and see once more the car that helped bring it all about. (See too, the jazzy Caravelle convertible.) The automobile revolution... she is here..... Allons Citoyens!



Le Car Hot: RENAULT Dauphine



TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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TIME, FEBRUARY 29, 1960

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Luten

AS you will see in this issue, TIME is a colorful magazine. Indeed, it is the only newsmagazine that uses costly full-color in its editorial pages. Last year TIME ran 162 four-color editorial pages. An additional 52 four-color pages were devoted to TIME's covers, which were painted by such noted artists as Pietro Annigoni, Boris Artzybashev, Aaron Bohrod, Bernard Buffet, Boris Chaliapin, James Chapin, Peter Hurd, John Koch, Henry Koerner, Bernard Safran, Ben Shahn, Rufino Tamayo, Robert Vickrey and Andrew Wyeth.

TIME's investment in editorial color is more than matched by our advertisers' investment in color pages. These advertising pages—whether in color or black-and-white—convey much information to the reader about a wide variety of products and processes.

This issue sets a new high—40 pages—for four-color advertising in a single issue. So far this year (first nine issues), four-color advertising volume is up 38% over the same period in 1959.

TRYING to keep up with Pat Nixon last week, the Washington bureau's Burt Meyers reflected that the wife of the 36th Vice President was certainly the fastest-moving second lady. Doing his homework for this week's cover story, Correspondent Meyers discovered some interesting facts about Pat Nixon's predecessors:

ABIGAIL ADAMS, the first Second

Lady, set no precedents, bided her time in semi-seclusion in New York and Philadelphia (Washington was not yet the capital) complaining about the drafts and writing letters. Not until she became the second First Lady did Abigail reach Washington and the unfinished White House. It was, she reported, intolerably drafty.

FLORIDE CALHOUN was a proud and fiery Charleston aristocrat, and her Southern pride may well have cost John C. Calhoun the presidency. When Peggy O'Neill ("The Gorgeous Husky") Eaton, the Irish barmaid who had married the Secretary of War, came calling, she was received by Mrs. Calhoun "with civility," but the call was never returned. President Andrew Jackson himself, the story goes, begged Floride to return the call in the interest of peace and protocol, but she disdainfully asked her butler to show him the door. The trifling spat widened the political rift between Jackson and his Vice President, probably ended Calhoun's chances to succeed Jackson.

In many respects, ABIGAIL FILLMORE most resembled Pat Nixon. A Baptist preacher's daughter, she was supporting herself at 16 as a school-teacher, married one of her pupils, a hulking country lad named Millard Fillmore. Abigail continued to teach, vigorously promoted her husband's political career. As the wife of a young Congressman, she was invited to make a public speech—a daring innovation in 1840. Like Pat Nixon, she declined.



MRS. ADAMS

MRS. CALHOUN

MRS. FILLMORE

INDEX

Cover Story...24

Art.....	86	Letters.....	9	Press.....	69
Books.....	115	Medicine.....	90	Religion.....	91
Business.....	106	Milestones.....	112	Science.....	54
Cinema.....	98	Miscellany.....	83	Show Business.....	75
Education.....	94	Music.....	44	Sport.....	58
Foreign News.....	28	National Affairs.....	19	Theater.....	51
Hemisphere.....	36	People.....	43	Time Listings.....	122

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NEW AND BETTER SERVICES for telephone users will come from the Bell Telephone Laboratories invention of the Transistor, a major scientific breakthrough. This mighty mite of electronics, which can amplify electric signals up to 100,000 times, will play a big part in push-button telephony, for example. The Transistor has been made possible by basic physical research of the kind that can only be undertaken by a progressive business with good earnings over the long pull.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Man & the Purpose

Dwight Eisenhower's self-assigned task, as he flies south to Latin America this week, is to convey, through his own popular image, the image of a U.S. policy that is not always as well understood. Basis of the policy: the U.S. shares with Latin



Edward Clark—UPI

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

The goal: Easy to understand . . .

America and the rest of the free world the goal of a world with less privation and fear, more peace with justice and freedom. The President's 15,560-mile jet trip through four democratic, rapidly developing republics (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay) comes as a climax to steadily growing U.S. concern for Latin America and steadily closing relations, despite—and partly because of—the simmering hostility from Cuba. On the eve of his latest flight of personal diplomacy, the President took to radio and TV, reaffirmed the U.S.'s "long-standing . . . deep affection" for "our sister republics."

To the U.S. audience, familiar with Eisenhower's basic philosophy, some of the thoughts sounded like platitudes and preachments. But to proud peoples far away, the simple expressions of good will and concern from the President of the U.S. carried a weight that had more than once turned the balance of public opinion

—as Nikita Khrushchev found out last week in India, where he followed Ike's triumphal trip there by two months and met a much chillier reception than he had had in 1955 (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Some critics of the U.S., said the President, have charged that "we have been so preoccupied with the menace of Communist imperialism . . . that our attention has been so much directed to the security of ourselves . . . that we neglect cooperation and progress within this hemisphere." It is indeed true, he added in mild reply to his defense critics at home, that "our nation has developed great arsenals of powerful weapons . . . ample for today and constantly developing to meet the needs of tomorrow." But at the same time, U.S. Government and industry pumped \$1 billion into Latin America last year alone, and "our outstanding loans and investments in Latin America now exceed \$11 billion."

Then he blasted the Kremlin's recent unguided missives of propaganda aimed at Cuba: "Very recently in a faraway country that has never known freedom—one which today holds millions of humans in subjugation—impassioned language has been used to assert that the United States has held Latin America in a colonial relationship." Snapped Ike: "This is a blatant falsehood"—and he pointed to the U.S. record in Spanish-speaking Puerto Rico and the Philippines, in Hawaii and Alaska.

"We will do all we can to foster the triumph of human liberty throughout the hemisphere," said he. In that uncluttered, single-sentence declaration, the peoples of Latin America could understand the U.S.'s purpose as well and easily as they understand he himself.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

An International Armed Force?

With the U.S. facing East-West disarmament negotiations in mid-March and a summit meeting in mid-May, Secretary of State Christian A. Herter decided that an official statement of U.S. disarmament goals was urgently needed to clear up confusion both in the U.S. and abroad. Last week, after consulting with President Eisenhower, Herter set forth those goals in a major policy speech to Washington's National Press Club. It was at once a hard-headed warning about the perils of disarmament for disarmament's sake and a misty-eyed vista of a disarmed world patrolled by an international police force

—a vista that would have won blaring headlines for any Secretary of State but Low-Pressure Salesman Chris Herter.

"The free world depends on our present relative strength for its survival," said he. "We will not compromise it out of a desire for quick but illusory results in arms control." The goal of U.S. disarmament policy is to create a "more stable military envi-



Zim—Mullins

SECRETARY HERTER

. . . but hard to accomplish.

ronment," and thereby lessen two grave dangers inherent in the arms race.

Danger No. 1 is what Herter called "war by miscalculation"—the possibility, for example, that one side might try to launch a surprise attack in a mistaken belief that the other side was preparing one. To guard against the miscalculation danger, the U.S. is working toward "safeguards against surprise attack," including "aerial and mobile ground inspection." During a time of crisis, inspection teams might prevent a nuclear war by "helping to verify that neither side was preparing a surprise attack upon the other."

Danger No. 2 arises from the prospect that as time goes by more and more nations will acquire nuclear weapons. "The more nations that have the power to trigger off a nuclear war, the greater the chance that some nation might use this power in haste or blind folly . . . To guard against this danger, the testing of

nuclear weapons and eventually the production of fissionable materials for weapons purposes must be prohibited under effective inspection."

Lessening these dangers, said Herter, would "enhance our national security and reduce the danger of war." But to assure peace, the U.S. must also work toward the long-range goal of "general disarmament." Herter made it clear that he saw no possibility of reaching general disarmament through bilateral negotiations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Instead, he offered a distant goal of global disarmament within a world framework of "universally accepted rules of law," backed up by an international court and international armed force.

Under a system of enforceable world law, nations could proceed to "reduce national armed forces, under safeguarded and verified arrangements, to the point where no single nation or group of nations could effectively oppose this enforcement of international law."

In working toward both a "more stable military environment" and the longer-range goal of general disarmament, the U.S. has to keep in mind that the purpose of disarmament negotiations is to "promote our national security," not undermine it. The U.S., he said, must not succumb to "hollow slogans, such as 'Ban the bomb,' 'Give up foreign bases,' or 'Cut armed forces by one-third.'" Each possible arms-limitation agreement must be measured by "one practical yardstick: Would U.S. and free-world security be greater or less under the agreement?"

THE CONGRESS

The Right to Vote

The clock in the almost empty Senate chamber stood at a few minutes past 11 one morning last week as Democrat Lyndon Baines Johnson of Texas unfolded his lanky frame from his first-row seat and tersely asked unanimous consent that the Senate proceed to consider a minor bill already passed by the House, Senators drifting into the chamber almost ignored the majority leader's routine request, which was routinely granted. The bill, a piece of legislative trivia, would authorize the Army to lease an unused barracks building at Fort Crowder to neighboring Stella, Mo. (pop. 177) to replace its burned schoolhouse. Only Master Parliamentarian Johnson knew that, in this quietly innocuous fashion, the civil rights debate of 1960 had begun.

His strategy burst suddenly on a somnolent Senate. Announced Johnson: Civil rights amendments may be offered to the Stella school bill. Quickly, Georgia's Senator Richard B. Russell, leader of the outfoxed Southern Democrats, was bolt upright, protesting "the lynching of orderly procedure." Maverick Democrat Wayne Morse of Oregon, though ardently pro-civil rights, joined in the protest because "I am opposed to legislation by rider."

Too Late. Lyndon Johnson, as every-one speedily realized, had used an unusual but legitimate way of fulfilling a promise

made last September: that he would call up civil rights legislation on Feb. 15, 1960. After the shouting came a test of strength; by more than a two-thirds majority, a bid for delay by the Southern Democrats was beaten. Although the Dixieland band started talking in a polite filibuster, it was clear that, as in the civil rights showdown of 1957, Johnson had the votes to get another rights bill through the Senate.

Meanwhile, in the cause of credit for their own party, Republicans sought to outflank him in the House. Locked up in the powerful House Rules Committee since last summer was a modest civil rights bill that liberal House Democrats had been trying to blast loose for debate. With belated help from the Republicans—prompted by President Eisenhower—the bill was voted out last week and scheduled for debate beginning around mid-March. By amendment from the floor the Republicans hope to stamp the House bill



MAJORITY LEADER JOHNSON
Burned schoolhouse, burning issue.

with an Administration trademark: Attorney General William Rogers' plan to guarantee Negro voting rights by federal court appointment of voting referees where they are needed (TIME, Feb. 8).

Too Long? A House civil rights bill built around the referee plan might in the long run prove more attractive to the Senate's Lyndon Johnson than a Senate-made bill. Reason: an original Senate bill might get tied up again in the House Rules Committee, presided over with benevolent segregationist despotism by Virginia Democrat Howard Smith, committee chairman.

Moreover, the fortnight delay in House debate and the predictable foot-dragging of Southern Senators would push Senate crucial votes into early spring, when Johnson's rivals for the Democratic nomination—Massachusetts' Jack Kennedy and Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey—would be

most anxious to be off campaigning in Wisconsin for the April 5 primary. But what good Democratic candidate would risk missing a civil rights debate, even if it starred Lyndon Johnson?

THE ADMINISTRATION "A Fixed National Policy"

For the tenth consecutive year, a U.S. President sent a mutual-security foreign-aid program to Congress, and Dwight Eisenhower's 1960 model had worn and familiar lines. A multibillion-dollar aid program, acknowledged Ike to a moderately hostile Congress, is now "a fixed national policy." And then he requested a budget-rattling \$4,175,000,000 for fiscal 1961. That was \$245 million more than he asked for fiscal 1960 and \$949 million more than he got.

Most of the boost would be for military-type aid, from this year's \$1.3 billion to \$2 billion next year. In the request for economic-type aid, totaling \$2.2 billion, the Administration shifted from a buckshot to a bullet approach, aiming sizable funds at a few key areas: black Africa, free China and the Indus River development project for India and Pakistan, to be financed jointly by the U.S., the British Commonwealth and West Germany.

Congressional Democrats, who have long championed mutual aid, at once complained that the program contained too few genuinely mutual, share-the-load projects. In this election year, they are only too eager to fling the President's freespender charges right back at him. They promised to cut Ike down to size by lopping off \$1 billion, possibly to tack the saving onto the embattled U.S. defense budget. "There is too much money and too little change in administration," said Montana's Mike Mansfield, the Senate Democratic whip. "Where is the joint foreign aid effort with other free nations assuming their share of the burden?"

Next day at his press conference, the President agreed that "the whole free world should be in a cooperative effort to raise the world economy," announced that a step in this direction will be made next week. In Washington, foreign aid planners from six wealthy West European nations (Belgium, Britain, France, West Germany, Italy, Portugal), Canada and the U.S., will sit down for the first time to work out ways of coordinating their aid programs.

Even "the smallest country can contribute something," the President stressed at his press conference—and next day he moved to give small countries the chance. He asked Congress to support the new International Development Association, ante up about one-third of its \$1 billion capital over the next five years. The rest of IDA's bankroll will be pumped in by rich and poor nations alike. IDA will make longshot loans with a banker's cool eye but will accept payments in soft currencies as well as hard. By 1961 IDA expects to be pumping out some \$160 million a year.



GOVERNOR BROWN



SAN FRANCISCO DEMONSTRATORS
Passionate whirlwind, swayed heart.



KIDNAPER CHESSMAN

JUSTICE The Quality of Mercy

Toward midnight the lights still burned in California's state capitol in Sacramento. Cecil Poole, clemency secretary to Governor Edmund Brown, rummaged through the bales of telegrams that flooded the executive offices. MY DAUGHTERS WILL NOT BE SAFE UNTIL HE IS DEAD, read one. DON'T BE SWAYED BY ALL THE BLEEDING HEARTS, declared another. Then Poole picked up another telegram, read it and reached for the phone. A few minutes later, he carried the wire into the executive mansion and showed it to Governor "Pat" Brown. It was signed by Roy Rubottom Jr., Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and it read: THROUGH OUR EMBASSY IN MONTEVIDEO THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF GOVERNMENT OF URUGUAY HAS TONIGHT BROUGHT TO THE URGENT ATTENTION OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT THE GRAVE CONCERN OF THE COUNCIL OVER ANTICIPATED HOSTILE DEMONSTRATIONS OF STUDENT ELEMENTS AND OTHERS TO CHESSMAN EXECUTION WHEN OUR PRESIDENT VISITS URUGUAY MARCH 2.

To Pat Brown, who in hours-long solitude had been agonizing over the Chessman case, Rubottom's wire came as from "the hand of God." The Governor quickly got on the direct phone line to San Quentin Prison on San Francisco Bay, talked to Warden Fred Dickson. Said the warden: "I am at the cell with the condemned man." Ordered Governor Brown: "Well, you can send him back upstairs, I am granting him a 60-day reprieve." In his "holding cell," only 15 paces and ten hours from death in the gas chamber, hawk-nosed Convict Caryl Whittier Chessman, 38, self-admitted hardened criminal, got the news from the warden, asked incredulously: "You're not kidding, are you?"

Climax & Philosophy. In this melodramatic fashion last week came the climax to one of the most remarkable episodes in U.S. criminal annals. The man thus saved

—if perhaps only temporarily—was convicted twelve years ago of 17 felonies and sentenced to death on two of those crimes, both of them kidnaping for robbery, with bodily harm. In itself, the man, his crime and his punishment would scarcely cause a ripple of interest beyond the California state line. Yet, in the days preceding the reprieve, concern for the fate of Caryl Chessman had swept itself into a passionate whirlwind that whipped around the globe, gathered up pleas for clemency and dumped them in an overwhelming cascade on Pat Brown's shoulders.

From Brazil came petitions signed by 2,000,000. The Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, called for mercy. In France, where dialectical discussion is served with each bottle of wine, the arguments raged as if the Dreyfus case had come alive again; in London, where the press devoted more space to Chessman than to news of the Queen's confinement, the *Laborite Herald* said: "If he is executed tomorrow, it will be a day when it will be rather unpleasant to be an American."

136 & 2455. Strangely enough, the man who created all the noise was neither lawyer, nor governor, nor humanitarian, but the criminal himself. Self-styled descendant of famed Poet John Greenleaf Whittier, Caryl Chessman was the son of an unstable Hollywood movie-studio worker. By his own account, he stole food and cars at 15, brought heartbreak to his mother, was committed four times to reform schools, went on to San Quentin (robbery, assault) in 1941. Seven years later, he was arrested and identified by three of his victims as the "Red Light Bandit" who drove into lovers' lanes in Los Angeles County with a red spotlight flashing (much as police cars would) and robbed the couples that he found parked there. Of the 18 separate counts filed against him, five included the kidnaping of two women, crimes of sex perversion against each of

them, and the attempted rape of one of them—"indescribable crimes," as the *Los Angeles Times* put it last week, whose "horrible details lie in the decent exclusiveness of the court records."

Clearly no ordinary criminal, Caryl Chessman, grade-school educated, had an IQ of 136, and he argued his own case creditably in court. Nonetheless, he was convicted by a jury under California's "Little Lindbergh Law," (which, like the federal "Lindbergh Law," makes kidnaping with bodily harm a capital offense) and sentenced to die. It was after he was condemned that he began stirring up his astonishing storm. He published three books, one of which, *Cell 2455 Death Row*, became a bestseller, and all of which, according to his publishers, Prentice-Hall, sold "millions" of copies in more than a dozen translations from Norway to Japan. While Chessman's ringing, indignant denunciations of capital punishment were being avidly read, he himself digested dozens of law books, wrote briefs, held press conferences, won his celebrated series of postponements of sentence.

His arguments ranged from pleas that the trial transcript was faulty (the court reporter had died before he completed transcription of his notes), to claims of new evidence proving his innocence, to declarations that all the delays (occasioned by his own persistence) had been torture and punishment enough for a man standing on the brink of death. In the span of a dozen years, he had won seven stays of execution, had made no fewer than 15 appeals to the U.S. Supreme Court ("The conclusion is irresistible," wrote Justice William O. Douglas in June 1957, "that Chessman is playing a game with the courts").

Indecision & Mockery. Chessman's last chance loomed last week. As public opinion poured its torrents on Governor Brown, two attorneys for Chessman made two final appeals for clemency to the State Supreme Court. The court turned them down, 4-3. Under California's law,

the Governor may not issue a pardon or commutation of sentence for a two-time loser like Chessman over an adverse Supreme Court decision—but he can still give a reprieve. At the same time, California precedent holds that Pat Brown, had he wanted to grant clemency, could properly have so notified the court and properly swayed its decision.

But Brown, left with the final decision, was rocked by indecision: a longtime opponent of capital punishment, Brown, for eight years California's attorney general, nevertheless believed Chessman to be guilty, unrepentant and underserving of clemency. Observed Chessman shrewdly at a press conference: The issue of capital punishment would be so much clearer if he were dead.

Resolution. Brown buzzed fitfully for days, declaimed at visitors and friends about his problem. His assistant attorney general, Richard Rogan, even called Director George V. Allen of the U.S. Information Agency in Washington to hint strongly that the Governor would like an official request for clemency; Allen refused. But Roy Rubottom's telegram last week resolved the Governor's doubts. Reading the wire as an implied bid for clemency (which it was, despite the State Department's insistence that it was only a report of the Uruguayan facts), Brown ordered the reprieve of Chessman, promised that he would reprieve three others waiting in the death house.

In his official statement he announced that he would ask the state legislature to debate once and for all the question of capital punishment at its next session, beginning Feb. 29 (now being called "bloody Monday" by the Governor's aides). "If the people, acting through their elected representatives," said he, "determine that the present law shall be continued in effect, Caryl Chessman will be executed under the law."

Outrage. As the news of Chessman's reprieve clattered around the world, a new burst of outrage thundered out, much of it centered on State Department "interference" in California's internal affairs and Brown's complaisant response. It is "very disturbing," declared Arkansas' J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that U.S. justice can be "pressured by groups of people in Europe and incipient mobs of students in a small Latin American country." Others, including California's Senators Thomas Kuchel and Clair Engle, found the Rubottom telegram unwarranted.*

By week's end the Chessman whirlwind

* Rubottom had a precedent of sorts. In September 1958, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, writing that he had no intention of interfering with a state judicial system, advised Alabama's Governor James E. Folsom that U.S. embassies around the world were being flooded with letters about the fate of a condemned Negro, Jimmie Wilson. Convicted of a nighttime robbery (a capital offense in Alabama), Wilson, 44, had stolen \$1.95, faced the electric chair. Ordering a clemency hearing about two weeks after Dulles' letter, Folsom noted the "international hullabaloo," soon afterward commuted Wilson's sentence to life imprisonment.

was spinning over the globe with renewed power. U.S. Information Agency posts abroad hurriedly cranked out dossiers on Chessman for the benefit of those who had long forgotten (or had never known) the details of the man's crimes. California's State Senate Majority Leader Hugh Burns, Democrat and once Brown's most effective supporter, charged that the Governor had let "the people of California down." In Chicago, the American Bar Association ordered a study to determine whether federal legislation is needed to limit multiple appeals.

Back in his sixth-floor cell, with his trusty typewriter and law books, was happy Caryl Whittier Chessman. The Governor himself took off for a weekend meeting of fellow Democrats in Las Vegas, Nev., but he left Sacramento besieged, bothered and bewildered. His mail, once 10 to 1 in favor of saving Chessman, had turned 3 to 1 in denunciation of the Governor himself. It would surely grow worse in the next 60 days, for, though Caryl Chessman had sown the wind, Pat Brown was reaping the whirlwind.

ARMED FORCES

Birdbrained

When it comes to writing manuals, the U.S. Air Force is very good at flying airplanes and setting off missiles. That is not to say that the Air Force does not try. It supports a stable of authors so large and imaginative that it also needs a squadron of printers—the 220th Printing Squadron at Langley Air Base, Va.—to keep up with them. Off its fecund presses roll official booklets on insurance, on citizenship, on adoption. There is one Air Force manual tersely titled "Planting and Maintenance of Trees, Shrubs and Vines," and one on "Recrea-

tional and Social Programs for Children of Air Force Families." There is also a manual that tells the manual writers how to write other manuals, and still another manual telling how to distribute all the manuals.

A few manuals also talk about flying. Among the 500-odd manuals in current circulation, 18 cover flight training, 22 technical training.

Bomb on the Church. Last week one of the Air Force manuals flipped open into a full-blown flap. It was Student Text NR. 45-0050, INCR.V. Vol. 7, a 250-page guide for reserve noncoms, from the manual writing section (10 civilians, six noncoms) at the Air Force's Lackland Military Training Center in San Antonio. Subject: "Individual and Group Defense"—in particular, defense against Communist subversives.

The manual had a global sweep of a sort ("Today a Red sympathizer can be of almost any nationality"). And it warned the reserve airman to see Red behind the seductive smile ("Women subversives work in servicemen's hospitality groups, in USO's, in bars . . ."). It urged him to beware of prying journalists ("Another rather foolish remark often heard is that Americans have a right to know what's going on. Most people realize the foolhardiness of such a suggestion"). In particular, it warned against all those Communists in shepherds' clothing: "Does any sizable group of Americans ever fall for the Communist line, you may ask? Unfortunately, the answer is 'yes' . . . Communists and Communist fellow travelers have successfully infiltrated into our churches . . . It is known that even the pastors of certain of our churches are card-carrying Communists."

Then the manual strafed an organization that embraces most Protestant denominations and 39 million American churchgoers: "The National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. officially sponsored the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Of the 95 persons who served in this project, 30 have been affiliated with pro-Communist fronts, projects and publications . . ."

"I Wrote It." Even the brotherly National Council could not turn its cheek to that silly slap. Its associate general secretary, James W. Wine, hustled into Washington to protest, got a private audience with Defense Secretary Thomas Gates and Air Force Secretary Dudley Sharp (both members of churches affiliated with the National Council). Gates owed up to being "startled and stunned" by the manual; a week earlier a sharp-eyed, low-ranking Pentagon Air Force officer had ordered it withdrawn without worrying his seniors. Nervous Air Force publicists spread word that the whole thing was just an isolated case of folly, perpetrated by a lone underhead. Naturally, he would have to be some civilian.

Sure enough, back at Lackland in San Antonio, up popped a mild-mannered, \$8,000-a-year Civil Service writer named Homer H. Hyde, 54, who learned the trade in the 1920s back at Southwest



MANUAL WRITER HYDE
How to Get Clobbered.

Associated Press

Texas State Teachers College, where he worked on the school paper with another bright young Texan named Lyndon Baines Johnson, now the powerful Democratic leader of the U.S. Senate. Boasted Baptist Hyde: "I wrote 75% of it. It was my idea." Not quite. Hyde had cribbed most of his lines on Reds-in-religion from the obscure writings of a tub-thumping fundamentalist Tulsa evangelist named Billy James Hargis, who fundamentally opposes the National Council for its revision of the King James Bible. As for the 30-Communists-out-of-95 charge, Hyde lifted that from a right-wing Methodist group, Circuit Riders, Inc., which lists everyone who ever signed a left-wing petition. It was a frivolous charge, and one pink-faced Lackland spokesman earnestly admitted later, "real bad documentation."

The House Armed Services Committee, up in arms, deputized Illinois Democrat Melvin Price to investigate all the Air Force manuals. The Air Force started its own investigation, named its deputy chief, General Curtis LeMay, who has better things to do, to lead it. Defense Secretary Gates ordered an investigation of all non-technical manuals in all the services, with special instructions to blue-pencil any lines that are "lacking in good taste or common sense." Said one Congressman with commendable restraint: "Somehow we've got to switch our attention from gracious living to the missile gap."

DEMOCRATS

Candidate Talking

Stumping through the towns and cities of Wisconsin last week were two slugging Democratic presidential aspirants: Massachusetts' Jack Kennedy and Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey. With only six weeks to go before the Wisconsin "sudden-death" primary, each left off attacking the other, got down to politicking at luncheons, receptions, factories and even barbershops. The crowds were big and interested, but just how grimly interested one candidate was in the crowds (and their votes) was revealed in a conversation between Kennedy and TIME Correspondent Robert Ajemian. Kennedy's views:

Wisconsin's Reception: "I'm a fellow who's run five times for office. I know a friendly crowd when I see one, and I know a hostile crowd. These people are friendly. I really didn't expect to get this good a reception. I really don't care one bit why they come out, as long as they do."

Kennedy v. Humphrey: "I just can't lited all over the floor like Hubert does. If you check our records, you'll find that in 95% of the cases, our voting has been the same. But we're temperamentally different. He likes to lambaste; I don't think it pays off. Does that make him more liberal than me? Hell, my voting record isn't perfect, but he's got soft spots too."

Gaining Popularity: "I'm not going to go after Nixon. People get fed up with that kind of stuff. My problem here is to get myself known, to get these people to take me seriously. If this were in New Hampshire, or Maryland, where people



SENATOR KENNEDY & FANS IN OSHKOSH
How to know about crowds.

know me, I'd clobber Hubert. I'd bury him."

Humphrey's Financial Strength: "I know people in New York have contributed heavily. If Hubert Humphrey can't raise money under these circumstances, with all the people who want to stop me in Wisconsin, like Symington and Johnson and the rest, he's just not competent."

The Results: "If I win this thing by only a few thousand votes, I'm taking it as a victory. The popular vote tells the story. If a Bostonian can come out here and outdraw a Midwesterner in his own backyard, then to me that's a victory. I don't care what the delegate count says."

Obviously, Jack Kennedy was setting the rules to fit his game—i.e., was carefully bracing himself in case Hubert Humphrey should win more Wisconsin delegates than Kennedy. (Of Wisconsin's 31 delegate votes, 25 come from the congressional districts, five go to the winner of the popular vote, one is split between the national committeeman and committeewoman.) Just as obviously, Humphrey (TIME Cover, Feb. 1), a man of many words yet barely heard from in the campaign, is no man to concede Kennedy a happy ending in advance.

POLITICAL NOTES

Anatomy of the Electorate

The Republican Party is unmistakably a minority party and cannot win the 1960 presidential election without capturing an overwhelming majority of the independent votes. So, in effect, reported the Gallup poll this week after a sampling of 9,415 voters; only 30% said they considered themselves Republicans, as against 47% who said they were Democrats and a remarkable 24% who classified themselves as Independents. (Back in early 1956, the Gallup poll estimated the party leanings at 40% Republican, 52% Demo-

cratic, 8% Independent or undecided. An estimated 15% of the Democrats voted for Ike that year, plus about 70% of the neither-nors.)

Today, more professional and business people and more college-trained voters are Republican, according to Gallup, but in all other categories the Democrats lead. The anatomy of the electorate:

	Rep.	Dem.	Ind.
SEX			
men	28%	47%	25%
women	32	47	21
AGE			
21-29	23	45	32
30-49	27	48	25
50 and older	35	47	18
RACE			
Negroes	23	54	23
whites	31	46	23
RELIGION			
Jews	9	66	25
Catholics	18	57	25
Protestants	36	43	21
EDUCATION			
grade school	27	54	19
high school	29	47	24
college	37	35	28
OCCUPATION			
unskilled workers	23	55	22
skilled workers	23	52	25
white collar	30	45	25
farmers	36	47	17
bus. & professional	37	35	28
UNION TIES			
union families	20	57	23
non-union families	34	43	23
COMMUNITY SIZE			
over 50,000	24	51	25
25,000 to 50,000	33	41	26
less than 25,000	37	42	21
REGION			
the South	22	59	19
rest of U.S.	32	43	25



IN A LONG, HARD WEEK, PAT NIXON & HUSBAND AT SQUAW VALLEY



AT TEA IN DETROIT SUBURB

WOMEN

The Silent Partner

[See Cover]

The recreation hut in Squaw Valley's Olympic Village was a wall-to-wall mob scene of vividly dressed, ruddy-cheeked young athletes gathered there from 30 countries for the 1960 Winter Olympics. In their midst a smiling, fragile-looking woman in a ruby-red suit and a black topcoat struggled to keep her footing. As two waves of muscular young men converged on her, someone called out: "Can you breathe?" Breathing hard, the Second Lady of the Land nodded, finally succeeded, by holding her pen at chin level, in writing her autograph for an eager French athlete, "I'm getting squashed," admitted Pat Nixon, "but it's all right."

Three feet away, her husband, Vice President Richard Nixon, proudly recited his few Russian phrases to a beaming blonde in a bright blue ski suit. "Pat," he called over his shoulder "come here and talk to this girl. She's from the Urals." For a moment the three stood swaying and talking together in the midst of the crowd, recalling the Nixon visit last summer to the Soviet Union. Then a Japanese skier crowded in, said he was from "the Northern Islands." "I've been there," said Dick Nixon. Between autographs and greetings, Pat gratefully gulped down most of a chocolate milkshake in a paper cup which a friend handed her. A group of Australian hockey players squeezed in. "We'll be watching you in the next few days," promised Pat. The trainer of the Russian skating team swiveled into position before the Nixons. fastened a silver tie clip to the Vice President's collar. "Sputnik," he said, pointing to the engraving on the clasp. "We're so happy to see you." said Pat. "I have a memento for you." And she handed him a green ballpoint pen.

"You Raise Oranges." After half an hour of jostling conversation with the Olympians, the Nixons slipped away and walked down an icy path to Squaw Valley's reception center, where a welcome party for them was already blazing up. In front of a huge open fire, Pat paused long enough to take off her coat (with lapels solidly festooned with Olympic buttons pinned on by the eager young athletes) and fur-trimmed galoshes (borrowed for the occasion from her teen-age daughter). Then she headed resolutely for the reception line. A Swedish official in a white sweater kissed her hand. Danny Kaye stopped to chat for a moment, and Art Linkletter, in a shaggy bearskin serape, got a guffaw from Dick Nixon, and a comment: "Is this man or beast?" Then a stocky man in a blue-and-white Norwegian sweater came by. "I'm Bob Bennett," he said. "I'm sure you don't remember me, but I'd like to shake your hand." Replied Pat, without a moment's hesitation: "Of course I remember you. You were our campaign manager in Tulare County in 1950. After that big meeting we had there, we went out to your house. You raise oranges." Muttered Bennett in wonderment as he walked off: "It's been ten years."

Night was falling when the Nixons finally left the reception and swirled off through the snow in a red Chevrolet to the home of their friend Charles Thieriot, editor and publisher of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It had been a long, hard day in a long, hard week, but Pat Nixon still managed to look as fresh and animated as if she were about to compete in the ladies' giant slalom.

Marathons & Menus. The busy week began in Detroit with a grueling, 17-hour marathon of receptions, press conferences, speeches and ceremonial meals (in the course of the day, she shook 3,650 hands). Back in Washington for 30 hours, she bore down on the affairs of her large and

lively household: the problems of her daughters, Tricia, 14, and Julie, 11, reading the mail (40 letters a day, most of them answered personally), accepting and declining invitations, writing out menus and grocery lists, and packing her well-scuffed bags for the California trip. Then she and the Vice President were off to Squaw Valley—by commercial jet to San Francisco, with an overnight side trip to Sacramento, then on to Reno by plane and on to the Olympic Village by car over snow-muffled mountain roads. At week's end, the Nixons headed back to Washington, landed at 7 a.m. on the day of Tricia's 14th birthday. That afternoon Pat was efficiently shepherding the youngsters and their two guests to a special birthday celebration at the Columbia Country Club.

No Time for Bridge. A few days of such staggering activity would put many a woman in a rest home or bore her to tears, but Pat Nixon seems to thrive on it. During the past seven years at her husband's side, she has covered 148,229 miles in 52 foreign countries, 125,266 miles in political peregrinations at home. Even in her private life—which she ruefully admits has been whittled down to 10% of her total time—she rarely relaxes. Whenever she and Dick Nixon get home after a formal evening—no matter how late at night—she methodically inspects her evening gown for superficial damage and makes any necessary repairs then and there, then catalogues the dress on a rotation calendar before hanging it up. She cannot enter a room without plumping up a pillow, offering a cigarette to a guest, or somehow making herself useful. In Pat Nixon's busy life there is little room for bridge, or bird watching, or other leisure. Her friends suspect that she is busy planning and reviewing her life in her dreams during the six or seven hours of sleep she permits herself most nights. "I'm a perfectionist," she agrees. "I won't do a thing without trying to do it well."



AT OLYMPICS BALL IN SACRAMENTO

Along with her bottomless energy, Mrs. Nixon has formidable reserves of poise and aplomb, and a notably retentive mind. It is doubtful whether she could have worked her way through the forks in a formal place setting when she first went to Washington 14 years ago, but she observed, and she learned fast. Since her abrupt debut into public life, there have been many occasions to test her serenity, and she has never failed to meet the test. She has dined with the Queen of England and the Emperor of Japan, and blind Oriental children have "read" her face with their fingers. During the big crisis of her husband's political life—the famous "Checkers television speech"—she seemed utterly cool and collected to 50 million viewers, whatever her mental anguish.

The greatest test of Pat's unbreakable poise came in Caracas, Venezuela two years ago, when she walked grimly through a Communist mob that hurled rocks and spat at her. A jeering Red harriidan was completely abashed when Pat reached across the bayonets of the Venezuelan guards to offer her hand. Although she was profoundly shocked by the experience Pat Nixon, in the words of the Air Force major who accompanied her, was "as brave as any man I've ever seen."

Glamour for Grownups. Her critics—and the farthest-ranging Second Lady in history is bound to have a few—say that Pat Nixon is too serene, too tightly controlled; that she smothers her personality with a fixed smile and a mask of dignity. She candidly admits to a stoical attitude: "I may be dying, but I certainly would never say anything about it." Her temperament, is always under rigid control. "I never have tantrums," she says. "If anything makes me mad, I'm silent. If I'm not talking, leave me alone." She is just as silent in public—on the subject of politics. "I've always been a part of

what's done," she explained to a pride of society-pure lionesses in Detroit last week. "But I silent partner."

Underneath her carapace of reserve Pat Nixon carries the ambitions and anxieties of any other woman. She worries about her children and gives herself wholeheartedly to them during the 100-silver of private life. (Once, when a withering Washington heat wave threatened a promised Sunday picnic, Pat simply moved the lunch hamper and the family to the floor of Dick Nixon's air-conditioned office and carried on from there.) Recently a young friend asked about the rigors of public life, Pat Nixon's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I've given up everything I ever loved," she blurted, and looked out the window until composure returned. Then she continued:

The people who lose out are the children. And of the glamour or reward it comes to the grownups. It's the children who really suffer.

But such unguarded moments are rare indeed. Pat Nixon's stamina and courage her drive and control have made her into one of the U.S.'s most remarkable women—not just a showpiece Second Lady, not merely a part of the best-known team in contemporary politics, but a public figure in her own right.

A Strawberry Cone. She earned that right the hard way—in a tough childhood that knew little luxury. Before she was in school she already knew how to suppress her tears and keep her head high. One of her earliest memories is of riding into the little Southern California town of Artesia with her farmer father to buy the weekly staples. While Will Ryan shopped, his four-year-old daughter waited patiently, perched on the high seat of the family buggy. "I would never never ask for anything," she remembers. "But how I hoped! I'd watch the corner to see if he came back carrying a straw-

berry cone. That was the big treat." If there was no cone, the little girl understood that her father had no money left for treats, and she stifled her disappointment. "I just waited and hoped."

The future Second Lady was born on March 16, 1912, in the mining town of Ely, Nev., and her birthplace may well have been a tent. (No one is certain, but Ely was a rowdy tent town at the time, and at best the towheaded baby came into the world in a miner's shack.) William Ryan was a footloose Irishman who had met and married Kate Halberstadt Bender, a young widow with two children. Kate who had emigrated from Germany as a ten-year-old girl, soon presented her husband with two sons, Bill and Tom. The youngest of their three children was formally baptized Thelma Catherine, but Will Ryan, mindful of the fact that she was born on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, added the name Patricia. Before the baby was a year old, Kate Ryan persuaded Will to give up mining (her first husband, an engineer, had been killed in a mining accident), and the family moved West, settled on an eleven-acre truck farm (he called it a "ranch") near Artesia, 20 miles south-east of Los Angeles.

It was a hard-scrabble life, with scant plumbing and no electricity and few creature comforts. During hot spells, the neighbors pumped so much water that the Ryans could not raise water in the daytime, had to spend the night hours vigorously pumping. "It was very primitive," admits Pat Nixon, but since nobody in Artesia was any better off, it seemed to be a perfectly normal existence. "It was a hard life, that's true. I didn't know what it was not to work hard as I grew up. But there were a few pleasures, too: amateur theatricals with the two Rains sisters on a neighboring farm, occasional trips to Long Beach, a little girl's pride in raising a prize-winning sow, bareback rides on the Ryan plow horse. One memorable day Will Ryan drove up grandly in the family's first car, a used model T with fancy singlas curtains. "Everybody piled in—the neighbors, too—and he took us for a ride. He went so fast—he kept putting on the gas instead of the brake, and couldn't figure out what he was doing wrong. We were all terribly frightened, but it was fun."

When Pat was 14 her mother died, and Pat became the homemaker for her father and brothers. (The Bender children had grown up and moved away.) During the harvest, she worked in the fields with her family and the hired hands, then headed back to the kitchen to cook. "I learned fast," she remembers. "I'd bake a half-dozen pies at a time, two or three chickens—farm fare, lots of it." Pat was a senior at the Excelsior Union High School when her father became seriously ill. She dropped her plans for a college scholarship and assumed the job of nursing him. After nearly two years, Will Ryan died of silicosis. On the day of his death she decided to drop the name Thelma and styled herself Patricia, in memory of her

father. "He always thought I was all Irish anyway," she says.

Round Trip. Bill and Tom Ryan were in Los Angeles, working their way through college, and Pat, at 18, was completely on her own. Says she: "I have made my own decisions ever since my father died." Among the young girl's big ambitions, two predominated: travel and a college education. "I always wanted to do something else besides be buried in a small town . . . I wanted to start with an education." For a year she attended nearby Fullerton Junior College, stopping off on her way to school to sweep out the First National Bank of Artesia and returning after school to work as a teller. The opportunity to travel came in the summer

pose. There seemed to have been plenty of reason for it. As I recall it, if you went into the cafeteria, there was Pat Ryan at the serving counter. An hour later, if you went to the library, there was Pat Ryan, checking out books. And if you came back to the campus that evening, there was Pat Ryan working on some student research program. Yet with it all, she was a good student, alert and interested. She stood out from the empty-headed, overdressed little sorority girls of that era like a good piece of literature on a shelf of cheap paperback.

With all her campus activities, plus keeping house for her brothers, Pat still had energy left over to fill extra roles in motion pictures (she had a \$25-a-day

or out in the kitchen doing the dishes."

Predictably, Pat was soon in a kaleidoscope of extracurricular and above-duty activities. Whenever the children of migratory workers dropped out of her classes—a frequent phenomenon in Whittier—Pat resolutely scoured the nearby orange groves, tracked the truants down, and convinced their parents that education was more important than picking oranges. At a Little Theater tryout she met a young lawyer, Dick Nixon. They were cast in the leading roles of *The Dark Tower*, and Lawyer Nixon immediately began a dogged, offstage courtship. He learned to dance, nearly fractured his skull trying to ice skate—and according to an oft-told story, he even drove Pat to dates with other young men in Los Angeles, waiting around to drive her home. (Says she: "That's true—but it's mean to report it.") After three years they were married, set up housekeeping in an apartment over a Whittier garage.

On to Politics. During the war, Nixon was a naval officer, and Pat dutifully followed him from billet to domestic billet—Washington, Ottumwa, Iowa, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Baltimore, methodically getting a new job, buying second-hand furniture and setting up house in each post. While he was on duty in the Pacific, she lived in a boardinghouse in San Francisco, worked as an OPA economist. At war's end, Lieut. Commander Nixon and his lady were stationed in Baltimore. Pat was pregnant, and the future was uncertain. Then a now-famous telegram came from Whittier: a "Committee of One Hundred" active Republicans wanted to know if Dick would be interested in running for the congressional seat solidly held by Democrat Jerry Voorhis. After discussing the proposition at length, says Pat, "I could see that it was the life he wanted, so I told him that it was his decision, and I would do what he liked."

Nine days after Dick Nixon announced his candidacy in what seemed to be a hopeless race, his first daughter was born. As soon as Pat was out of bed she put all of her energy into the campaign. She attended tests, accepted bouquets, chatted with women voters. She also took off her hat and went to work at Nixon headquarters. During that first campaign, she served as her husband's office manager and his entire staff. "We had no employees and no money for any. There was just Dick and me."

At the outset, Pat established two ground rules: 1) she would make no political speeches, and 2) she would fight to keep her home as a quiet sanctuary for the Nixon family. She has broken the first rule only once—in Oklahoma City in 1950, when she made a three-minute speech as a pinch hitter for Dick, who was momentarily silenced by the flu. The second rule has been harder to maintain. One bitter recollection: on the 1952 night that Nixon was nominated for Vice President in Chicago, photographers called at the Nixon home, brushed past the bewildered baby sitter, woke the girls up,



WITH TRICIA (LEFT) & JULIE, NIXONS CELEBRATE TRICIA'S BIRTHDAY
Hoarding the precious 10%.

when an elderly couple, friends of her family, asked her to drive them to New York in their big Packard in exchange for a return-trip ticket on the bus. Pat eagerly accepted.

Once in New York she decided to stay a while. She got a job in Sater Hospital, first as a secretary, later as an X-ray and laboratory assistant. The young doctors and interns gave her a merry social life, and she tried to save money for the longed-for education. After two years, the call of college became irresistible, and Pat collected her bus ticket and went back to Los Angeles (by way of Niagara Falls, at no extra charge). Bill and Tom made room for her in their tiny apartment near the University of Southern California. One morning Tom Ryan took Pat to the U.S.C. job-placement office. "This is my little sister," he said. "Can she work her way through college?"

On to Whittier. "I remember her well," says Dr. Frank Baxter, English professor, Shakespearean specialist and latter-day TV raconteur. "She was a quiet girl, and pretty. And it always used to disturb me how tired her face was in re-

walk-on part in *Becky Sharp*) and to work as a part-time saleslady at Bullock's-Wilshire, a fashionable department store. She graduated with honors and a high school teacher's certificate. Finding a job was no problem: her first assignment, at \$187 a month, was teaching commercial subjects at Whittier Union High School in the quiet, Quaker suburb of Whittier. Some of her colleagues foresaw trouble for the pretty young newcomer. One was Helene Colesie, another young teacher who became Pat Nixon's oldest and closest friend (and who later married one of Dick Nixon's closest friends, Los Angeles Magazine Distributor Jack Drown). Says Helene Drown: "You take a woman as young and beautiful as Pat Ryan was then, and put her in with a faculty of older women, and you've got almost certain trouble. Except that with Pat it didn't work out that way. All the older teachers loved her. I think one of the reasons for that was that she arranged it so that they would always be in the forefront of faculty and P.T.A. functions, and things like that. When they were out in front of the audience, Pat would be serving the coffee

posed them for pictures and scared them to tears with their flashbulbs.

Always during campaign years and frequently in times of crisis, Pat has had to drop everything domestic and become the public Mrs. Nixon. In the hectic days when Dick, young Congressman, was deeply involved in the investigation of the Alger Hiss case, Pat hired a baby sitter four days a week, reported for emergency duty at Dick's office, and coped with the tide of letters that was flowing in.

Dated Image. As the Nixons have risen dramatically to national and international eminence, their home has changed with their lives. After Nixon went to the Senate in 1950, he moved the family from a cramped duplex in a Virginia housing development into a spacious home near Tennessee's Estes Kefauver in swank Spring Valley—but the Nixons did most of their formal entertaining in hotels or restaurants. Still later, after he became Vice President (salary: \$35,000, plus a \$10,000 expense allowance), Nixon bought his present home, a big (eleven rooms) fieldstone house on a secluded dead-end street, for \$75,000 (with a \$50,000 mortgage). His investment in the house represents Nixon's principal saving. As their lives have grown more complicated, the Nixons have also employed servants. But Pat Nixon is reluctant to disturb the public image of herself as a housewife who presses her husband's pants, cooks the meals and scrubs the floors. A Swedish housekeeper she employed for two years was kept discreetly in the background, never mentioned publicly, and Pat refuses to pose for pictures with the Negro couple who keep her present home in apple-pie order.

Pat and Dick make the most of their limited time within the family circle. Unofficial entertaining or dining out is almost unknown to them—every spare moment belongs to the kids. On Sunday nights the family frequently eats supper at the Columbia Country Club, the one place in Washington where the arrival of the Nixons does not set off a stir. Nixon helped build the girls a tree house in the backyard, and he and Pat are faithful members of the Sidwell Friends School P.T.A. "Even though I'm gone a lot, I concentrate on the girls when I'm home," says Pat, "and I think I give them more attention than most of your bridge-playing mothers. We have four cats, a dog [the same Checkers], parakeets, children staying over weekends—it's a lively place."

The possibility that the Nixon family might move again next January—into the White House—is one that Pat refuses to discuss. "I live each day as it comes," she says. But each day's problems, whether they involve Olympic athletes or birthday parties, Soviet premiers or Brownie meetings, receive the full force of her power, energy and concentration. "People say, 'You're thin; you work too much,'" says Pat. "But if I weren't thin because of political work, I'd be thin doing something else. That's the way I am."

LABOR

The Blame for Shame

One of Washington's quiet scandals is that few Negro construction craftsmen can get jobs in the nation's capital. Reason: most building contractors hire only union workers (a union shop is required on Government jobs), and many Washington building-trades locals have successfully barred Negroes. While the Hod Carriers and the Bricklayers have let down color bars, the two Carpenters' locals (5,000 members) have only half a dozen Negroes. The Rodmen's local (membership: 250) has six. The Painters (membership: 700) and the Plumbers (700) are proudly lily white. But by far the



A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s MEANY
Color bar on the doorstep.

hardest nosed of all is the big (about 2,500 members), rich, inbred Local 26 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. Every skilled, unionized electrician in Washington belongs to Local 26. And Local 26 admits no Negroes.

The story of Local 26 was split open last week by A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, whose Washington headquarters were built by all-white labor, and who now faces an insurrection in the ranks of his own restive Negro members (TIME, Feb. 22). Meany blasted the President's Committee on Government Contracts which tries to get employers to abide by the clause in Government contracts that forbids racial discrimination. A year ago, said Meany, he offered Labor Secretary James Mitchell a chance to help break the color bar on a big Washington urban-renewal project. The offer: if Mitchell, who is vice chairman of the President's Committee, would put pressure on the contractor, the Truland Electrical Contracting Co., Meany would put pressure on Local 26 by providing nonunion Negro electricians. Meany said he got no reply from Mitchell on the offer; Mitchell

said he does not recall that Meany made the offer in the first place.

It would have had scant chance of success. I.B.E.W. Local 26 has defied all pleas, threats and cajolery. In 1957 the President's Committee, headed by Vice President Nixon, invited executives from 13 international and local building-trades unions to a meeting to discuss dropping the color bar; only three showed up. Then it called a separate huddle with the leaders of Local 26; none showed up. Later, Nixon personally wrote a note to I.B.E.W., International President Gordon Freeman, admonished him to crack down on Local 26. Freeman did not answer.

Since membership in highly skilled, highly paid (hourly wages: \$4.10) Local 26 is virtually on a father-to-son basis, the old ways are easily preserved. Having such a union on his own doorstep is a source of never ending embarrassment to George Meany, who has labored long and well to eliminate segregation in unions. Last week he admitted that the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Civil Rights Committee was stymied by Local 26. To spread the blame for the shame, Democrat Meany then elected to discredit the President's Committee, through whose good works Vice President Nixon has been rolling up quite a bit of popular support among Negro voters.

CIVIL DEFENSE

Facing Up to Fallout

A man who takes the cold war seriously, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, last week sternly reminded 17 million fellow New Yorkers of the Soviet Union's capacity "to devastate the lives of our people in every corner of our state." Then, with tough-minded logic, he urgently endorsed the recommendation of a special study committee that fallout shelters—stocked with two weeks' food supply—be required by law in every private and public building in New York by July 1, 1963.

In a message to the state defense council, Republican Rockefeller said fallout protection "is essential to our military defense . . . our negotiating strength . . . to the deterrence of war . . . and our ability to withstand nuclear blackmail." Estimated cost of Rocky's program: \$1.5 billion. On a do-it-yourself basis, a homeowner with a basement might build his shelter for about \$50 a person; he would pay at least twice as much if a contractor did the job. To sweeten the plan, shelters would be exempt from local real estate taxes and construction costs could be deducted from state income tax. "Put the overall program into effect as soon as possible," urged the study committee. "We may have less time than we think."

"The legislature wouldn't pass a mandatory program like that until a bomb had been dropped," said one Albany politician. Said Rockefeller: "I would rather face political suicide than have our country or state wiped out by a nuclear attack because we did not have the courage to face up to our problems."

FOREIGN NEWS

COMMUNISTS

The Traveler

Nikita Khrushchev is a man who likes crowds, and last week in Indonesia he finally found them. In India and Burma, where the touring Communist boss drew relatively sparse turnouts and notably sharp criticism from the newspapers, he had grown progressively more glum and irritable. But as he descended from his silvery Ilyushin-18 turboprop at Djakarta's sun-drenched airport last week, Nikita was met by close to 100,000 people, including brilliantly costumed groups from the outlying islands of the Indonesian

of the North Celebes, and tried a few wrestling holds on him to the delight of the crowd. Followed by Sukarno, Khrushchev climbed into the President's red Chrysler Imperial and drove to the vast Merdeka Palace through streets lined with 200,000 more people.

On the Road. So many top Kremlin residents are globetrotting these days, that it might be asked who is home minding the store. Mikoyan has been to Cuba; Voroshilov, Kozlov and Mme. Furtseva were just back from India; Gromyko was among the five planeloads of Russians traveling with Khrushchev. Perhaps they all merely wanted to escape the Russian

manifest a certain hotheadedness against the colonialists. Just as you don't understand us, neither can we understand you Indians. For so many ages you have been oppressed by colonialists, but still it has not awakened in you the strong feeling which inspire us in Russia."

He sounded the same theme in Indonesia, where President Sukarno often uses the continued Dutch occupation of Western New Guinea to divert his countrymen's minds from the staggering national economy and the festering rebellions in the island.* In an extemporaneous speech Khrushchev cried: "Your country is rich, and it is understandable that the colonialists were reluctant to leave it," and he delivered himself of a cautionary homily: "You cannot get rid of colonialism with prayers any more than you can teach a tiger to eat grass. Independence is possible only by fighting."

Giggling Maidens. It was typical of Sukarno's charming but rather feckless character that in the first days of his visit, Khrushchev was taken to no factories, plantations or workshops, or even allowed to mingle with any real people. Instead, there were constant spectacles in the 90° heat of midday, with giggling maidens flinging hibiscus and frangipani petals on the sweating Nikita; there were gargantuan meals, with endless courses of Indonesian and Dutch delicacies (to which Khrushchev always brought his own sour black bread), and nights filled with the tinkling music of *gamelan* orchestras.

At an exhibition of Javanese art—beautiful hand-dipped batik cloth and finely worked silver—Sukarno smilingly asked Nikita: "Which would you like?" Growled Khrushchev: "I don't like anything. I don't like anything," but added grudgingly, "The workmanship is good." When Sukarno, nettled, tried to explain the intricate handwork involved, Khrushchev put him straight on the new industrialism: "They cost too much, not only in price but in human life. If we go on like this, there will be no progress. Machines, machines are what you need!" But he posed for photographers when Sukarno wrapped a sarong around his waist, and whispered to his host the same aside that countless foreigners have asked kilt-wearing Scots. Queried Khrushchev: "Don't you wear pants under these things?"

Sukarno seemed to enjoy all the dancing festivity more than he did the company of his guest. What Nikita thought of all he did not say, but he looked heat-weary and frequently bored. One of the Soviet party commented: "I am a Marxist and a Communist, and I think America is imperialistic. But when she started as a young country, America worked hard. Just look at Indonesia. Nobody does anything. What a waste!"

* Army helicopters circled over Khrushchev's party as it progressed from Bogor to Bandung. Reason: a fear that one of the nearby Moslem rebel groups might try to pull off an assassination.



PREMIER KHRUSHCHEV, PRESIDENT SUKARNO & FRIENDS
Let all beware the frangipani.

nation: pretty girls in sarongs, from Timor; Maduran farmers with rice scythes; barelegged hunters from Borneo. It was an arranged welcome, and less than Communist Ho Chi Minh got a year ago. Still, it looked promising to Khrushchev.

Wearing a lace-trimmed Ukrainian shirt, a light grey suit and a snapbrim straw hat, he advanced briskly over the red carpet to greet his host, President Sukarno, who, with a flashing smile, said: "You have a big job ahead of you. You'll have many hands to shake."

Little Natoshas. Thrusting out bulging fists, Nikita crowed: "I have strong hands, and anyway, I love it!" He went happily down the receiving line, and began to warm up when he reached a group of children from the Soviet embassy, who showered him with flowers. To one little girl he boomed: "Your name is Natasha!" The surprised child stammered, "How did you know?" Laughed Nikita: "Every Russian girl is called Natasha."

Turning to the costumed Indonesians, Khrushchev playfully picked out a husky young man clad in the red polka-dot robes

winter. But Khrushchev had another purpose in mind on this trip—to try to revive Communism's slipping popularity in Southeast Asia.

Khrushchev had gone to Indonesia prepared to offer gifts, which is always a certain method of making Sukarno happy. The Soviet Union has already given Indonesia a total of \$118 million in the form of ships, roads, steel plants and marine institutes (U.S. aid to Indonesia: \$500 million). Now there is talk of a Russian-built naval base on Amboina Island, north of Bali, and Khrushchev promised a stadium seating 100,000 in Djakarta for the 1962 Asian Games.

In India and Burma, where Khrushchev was received correctly but with a noticeable lack of enthusiasm, he responded with heavy-handed boasts about Soviet achievements and waspish attacks on the motives behind Western offers of economic aid. But his theme seemed dated in lands that have been independent for more than ten years. At a banquet in Calcutta he snapped, "I don't think all of you understand us correctly when we

A Call on a Cold Prospect

While Khrushchev worked the East, another Russian traveling salesman, Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, worked the West. On his way home from Castro's Cuba, Mikoyan was due to make a fueling stop in Norway. Prime Minister Einar Gerhardsen politely invited him to have lunch at the Oslo airport. Mikoyan cabled back exuberantly: DELIGHTED TO SEE MY FRIEND GERHARDSEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT. I CAN STAY IN OSLO TWO DAYS.

The astonished Norwegian Foreign Office hurriedly arranged a program for Mikoyan, and wondered what important object the wily Anastas had in mind. In his first speech in Norway, Mikoyan declared that the Soviet Union had never attacked any country (Finnish, Latvian, Estonian and Lithuanian papers, please copy) and would not attack Norway either. Turning to Prime Minister Gerhardsen, he asked: "Can you promise me the same?" Said one stunned Norwegian: "Has Mikoyan come here simply to get a promise that Norway will not attack the Soviet Union?"

Then Mikoyan went off to address the Norwegian Students Association. As he labored through a recital of Russia's peaceful intentions, Mikoyan remarked that the Czechs had chosen Communism of their own free will. A Norwegian student got to his feet, said: "Excuse me, Deputy Premier. Do you also mean that the Hungarian people have chosen Communism by free will? We have many Hungarian students here at the university, and they don't agree with you."

Mikoyan's mustached smile turned to an angry frown as he laid down the Communist view of history. The Red government of Rakosi, he said, did many wrong things and came into opposition with the Hungarian people; then reactionaries and villainous Americans started the revolution. And when Budapest asked the Soviet Union for help, it responded, because "of course, we help our friends." As for the "Hungarian students here in Oslo, I would only say that their hands are stained with blood."

The Norwegians responded with prolonged hissing and booing. Snapped Mikoyan: "I am not afraid of that sort of yelling. I'm used to it. During my stay in the U.S. last year, I had the same experience every day."

GREAT BRITAIN

"It's a Boy!"

Somewhat tense but never impatient, the crowd had waited at the gates since early morning, but it was not until the afternoon shadows had begun to lengthen that the superintendent of Buckingham Palace at last made his appearance. His face wore a broad grin, and his hand bore a simple two-sentence statement handwritten on pale grey stationery and signed by the Queen's four doctors. "Is it a boy?" shouted someone in the crowd as the superintendent hung the gilt-framed announcement upon the railings. "Yes,

it is!" he shouted back, and the crowd cheered.

It had been a long five days since the doctors first called upon the Queen and announced that her third child—the first to be born to a reigning British sovereign since Beatrice, Queen Victoria's last—was due "any moment." Two days later, the birth was still "imminent," but a faint wave of uneasiness had begun to spread across the nation. Then, at lunchtime on Friday, the long-awaited report was issued that all four doctors were once again "in attendance." Finally, a little after 3:30 p.m., Prince Philip burst out of Buckingham Palace's Belgian suite, beaming. "It's a boy!" he told attendants, and then rushed to telephone Prince Charles at Cheam School.

Anyone who listened to TV or the

stations the Admiralty sent a signal: "Birth of a son to H.M. Queen Elizabeth announced. Splice the main brace." As messages poured in from governments all over the world, 81-year-old Poet Laureate John Masefield worked over a bit of verse that began: "O child descended from a line of kings . . ."

The child-descended; 7 lbs. 3 oz. and still nameless, was scarcely 24 hours old before his mother's subjects began deciding on his future. He stands second in line to the throne after Prince Charles. Would he have to follow the dreary tradition of most royal sons, growing up in uniform only to lead a life of ceremonial drudgery? "A royal prince," suggested the London *Express*, "who was a doctor or a nuclear physicist or an engineer—that would be a break with tradition."



AWAITING THE NEWS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE
Let all hands splice the main brace.

For

radio would have known the news at least eight minutes* before the crowd in front of the palace. Others were duly notified in the traditional manner, even if it came as no surprise. A handwritten statement was posted at the Home Office, for by custom the Home Secretary is the "first" to be informed after the royal family; a little later, a third announcement was pinned to the gates of Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London. Throughout the kingdom, church bells pealed, and at Lloyd's the famed *Lutine* bell was rung twice to signal "good news" already known.

At Portsmouth, H.M.S. *Vanguard*, last of Her Majesty's battleships, fired a salute. Cannon roared at Windsor and Cardiff castles, and as far away as Gibraltar and Accra. Over Buckingham Palace the Queen's huge ceremonial standard was unfurled, and to all ships and shore

* Except for listeners to the BBC's Home Service, which had just launched into César Franck's tired *Symphony in D Minor*, decided not to interrupt it, and held back the news for 35 minutes.

FRANCE

Islands for Sale

To the early French settlers in the new South American colony of Guiana in the 18th century, the three tropical islands rising out of the water a few miles off the coast were a sight to behold. According to legend, the largest and most beautiful they named Royale in honor of their sovereign, King Louis XV. The second was named St. Joseph after the patron saint of their voyage, and the third was named Devil's Island because of the angry sea around it. But when the settlers christened the cluster as a whole, they became the authors of one of history's ironies: they called the group the Islands of Salvation.

In 1848, when France abolished slavery, the oldest of its colonies found itself in desperate need of cheap labor. Since the next best thing to a black slave was a white convict, the Islands of Salvation became a part of the most notorious penal colony in the world. Over the next century, 70,000 Frenchmen were to learn what it meant to be sentenced to the "dry guillo-

time," but not more than 2,000 lived long enough to get back to France.

On the mainland, the wretched prisoners—guarded always by the thick jungle, the malarial swamps, the shark-infested waters around them—worked the plantations, cleared the forests, built the roads. But the islands had a special character of their own. On St. Joseph were the solitary underground cells for the *incos* (incorrigibles)—concrete tombs with openings at the top for the guards to spy through. On Royale stood the notorious Crimson Barracks, so named because of the killings that took place after the guards bolted the great iron door at 6 each evening. And on Devil's Island were the lonely huts of the political prisoners, in one of which Captain Alfred Dreyfus spent four years.

The Dreyfus Case spread the infamous name of Devil's Island all over the world, but the prisoners, often shrunk to 70 or 80 lbs., worked and died as before. At night, a "bar of justice" would hold the *incos* manacled to plank beds, and on execution days the prisoners would be forced to kneel around the guillotine to watch. But finally, in 1953, a ship carrying 88 prisoners back to France landed at Bordeaux—the last survivors.

On the islands the thick walls became mildewed and pocked, the plank beds began to rot, and rust spread slowly over the huge locks and chains. Last week the deserted colony was put up for public auction. It was one of a number of "chateaux"—a dry canal, 15 coast guard stations, five silos, two restaurants, two sand dunes, 43 prisons—that the French government is eager to get rid of, and in this case, anxious to forget.

After the Bomb

As the fallout of world reaction began descending on France last week, the nation began to realize that becoming a nuclear power was not going to solve its basic problems.

Although they had plenty of advance warning, Frenchmen had not fully expected the international unpopularity which the Reggan explosion earned them. Scarcely had the cauliflower cloud begun to dissipate, when the Moroccan Ambassador to Paris showed up at the Quai d'Orsay to cancel his country's 1956 diplomatic pact with France. The Sudanese protested "this act of shame." In Ghana the *Accra Evening News*, which is owned by Premier Nkrumah's political henchmen, inventively reported that "many thousands of Africans are feared killed," added that "the mutilated bodies of the dead Africans are believed to have been hurriedly hidden in the burning Sahara sand, as French troops . . . rushed to blot out the first murderous traces of radiation effects."

Clubmanship. More distressing than the Afro-Asian outcries were the cool to hostile reactions of France's Western allies. The U.S. had not become convinced that it should share its nuclear secrets, nor were the Big Three eager to invite France to join the atomic disarmament talks at Geneva. Wrote *Le Figaro's* Raymond Aron: "An atomic arsenal of the second

order cannot be the foundation of an active or aggressive diplomacy."

Nor did atomic grandeur ease the anguish of Algeria. Dismayed by growing indications that De Gaulle intends to ignore the rebels and impose a new solution of his own—converting Algeria into a federation of ethnic communities tied to France—ex-Premier Pierre Mendès-France last week called for prompt negotiations with the rebel F.L.N. on the basis of self-determination.

Discrediting. There was still no evidence that the rebels genuinely want negotiations now. Broadcasting from Tunis last week, Rebel "Premier" Ferhat Abbas spoke moderately to Algeria's million Europeans in a manner clearly intended to



ALGERIA'S ABBAS
Talk of moderation—and murders.

discredit their intransigence in the eyes of the Frenchmen of Metropolitan France. Said Abbas: "Algeria is the motherland of all of us. For several generations you have called yourselves Algerians. Who denies that? In the new Algeria which we will build together there is a place for all."

Coming at a time when rebel terrorists had just murdered the last French family with enough trust in Muslims to continue living on a Kabylia farm, Abbas' speech struck Algeria's Europeans as savage mockery; in the streets of Algiers many Frenchmen bitterly tore up newspapers reporting the speech. Snapped a Tunisian diplomat who helped lead his own country's struggle for independence: "If we had behaved as the Algerians are doing, we would still be fighting the French today."

NATO Harbingers of Spring

In NATO's new Paris headquarters last week, the glow of cheer was nearly as bright as the premature spring sunshine that caressed strollers on the Champs Elysées. For one thing, *France-Soir*, big-

gest of Paris dailies, reported that Charles de Gaulle had instructed his top brass: "You make arrangements with the Atlantic organization for air and naval cooperation. I personally will settle with Eisenhower the problems of stocking U.S. atomic bombs in France."

For more than a year, De Gaulle's open hostility to the NATO concept of integrated Western defense had given the alliance an embarrassing hole in the center. Recently NATO's European commander, U.S. Air Force General Lauris Norstad, requested a do-or-die interview with De Gaulle, spent an hour and a half documenting NATO's argument that the swift air speeds of modern war rule out separate national air defense systems in an area as small as Western Europe. To make sure he got De Gaulle's full attention, Norstad borrowed Dwight Eisenhower's official interpreter, Lieut. Colonel Vernon Walters, who speaks eight languages, including a French that has earned the respect of Stylist de Gaulle.

Going It Together. Since then, De Gaulle no longer challenges NATO's power to order planes of all member nations into immediate action in case of a Soviet attack. (In tactical return, Norstad saw to it that a French officer would command the aircraft of France, West Germany, Belgium and Luxembourg.) On their own initiative French diplomats have proposed some new form of NATO "association" for France's Mediterranean Fleet—which De Gaulle pulled out from under NATO command last March.

So far, De Gaulle's refusal to allow U.S. nuclear weapons in France unless France controls their use still stands—as does U.S. refusal to accept De Gaulle's conditions. But NATO, which had felt a little unwanted all winter, saw some other friendly signs. Turkey has agreed to accept U.S. Jupiter IRBMs, and negotiations are under way to install missiles in Belgium and The Netherlands. Half a dozen NATO nations, including Canada, Belgium, Denmark, Italy and West Germany, have announced plans to increase their defense spending in 1960.

Moving Missiles. Most noteworthy of the budget increases is in Britain, where new Defense Minister Harold Watkinson, a hard-hitting businessman, last week proposed to increase defense spending by \$300 million, to nearly \$4.6 billion. Watkinson's program had good news for NATO: Britain has abandoned "for the time being" its plans to cut back British air and ground units in West Germany. Watkinson is also moving away from a 1948 British decision that would have hitched Britain's long-range nuclear-weapons planning exclusively to the fixed-site Blue Streak missile. Instead, the British are considering greater reliance on missiles that can be launched from submarines or planes—specifically the U.S. Navy's Polaris or the U.S. Air Force's Sky Bolt.

Implicit in the new British position is closer integration with the U.S. defense system—an integration dramatized by last week's announcement that Britain plans to build, largely at U.S. expense, a

mammoth radar station in Yorkshire intended to provide early warning of approaching Soviet missiles. When Laborite M.P.s complained that the new station would give Britain only four minutes' warning time v. 15 minutes for the U.S., Air Secretary George Ward made it plain that Britain's warning time was not the only consideration. Said he: By providing additional protection for deterrent forces in the U.S., "the station will contribute substantially to the security of the entire NATO area."

SOUTH AFRICA

Rustle on the Veld

Everybody knows that doughty but ineffectual little bands, such as Novelist Alan (Cry, the Beloved Country) Paton's Liberal Party, have long opposed the South African government's all-out segregation policy. Now, for the first time since *apartheid* was officially proclaimed South Africa's "way of life" twelve years ago, members of the ruling Boer Afrikaner National Party are beginning to speak and fight against it.

It was one of the country's most respected old Boers who broke the façade of Nationalist unity. Henry Allan Fagan, 70, until last year chief justice of the Union's Supreme Court, is both the country's most eminent jurist and its best-loved Afrikaans author: his novels and verse are found in practically every veld farmhouse. In a book published early this month, called *Our Responsibility*, Fagan pronounced Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's rigid *apartheid* "hopelessly impractical," and pointed out that the government has found it "impossible" to carry through "the mass withdrawal of [black] labor from European industries." Just as "Karoo farmers do not waste their time arguing whether the low rainfall of the area they farm in is something they should like or dislike . . . and adapt themselves to it," wrote Fagan, "we have to accept the fact of interdependence of the races in South Africa."

Fagan's measured pronouncements, serialized in the largest Afrikaner newspaper, *Die Landstem*, brought in a flood of approving letters, including some from unknown farmers pleading with Fagan to lead a political movement. In his airy house outside Cape Town, Old Boer Fagan referred all callers to Jacobus Basson, 41, the fiery, redheaded Nationalist M.P. who was expelled from the party last fall. He had protested Prime Minister Verwoerd's decision to end the last semblance of black representation in Parliament; whites voting in the Africans' name. Last week, after meeting with some 50 other Nationalists who think that Verwoerd has gone too far in separating the country's 3,000,000 whites and 11 million blacks and coloreds, "Japie" Basson announced formation of a new National Union party. Far from integrationist, the new party hopes to rally those Afrikaners who before World War II used to support the relatively moderate race policies of the late Prime Minister J.B.M. Hertzog.

So far it is only a rustle, but the Afrikaner "wind of change," of which Britain's Harold Macmillan warned South Africans at Cape Town three weeks ago, seems to be penetrating at last into the bristling laager of the long-embattled Boers.

SICILY

The Night Visitors

Eight months ago, as he whipped up Sicilian voters with the slogan, "Sicily for the Sicilians. Down with the mainland," owl-eyed Silvio Milazzo (TIME, June 22) indignantly denied that he was pro-Communist, "I am no Trojan horse," intoned dissident Christian Democrat Milazzo, "I am a pure-blooded Sicilian horse, a noble



SICILY'S MILAZZO
Signatures—and the sack.

animal." He became president of Sicily's semi-autonomous regional government, ruling in coalition with the Communists. But last week Maverick Milazzo, no longer regarded as so pure-blooded a Sicilian horse, was put to pasture.

From the day he took office at the head of a rattle-tangle assemblage of Communists, Socialists, ex-Christian Democrats and assorted strays, Milazzo spent most of his time trying to defend his two-vote majority in Sicily's regional Assembly. He was under constant fire from both the Vatican and the Christian Democratic national government of Premier Antonio Segni. To keep his Communist support, Milazzo slipped Reds into government jobs all over Sicily. Fortnight ago, dismayed by the turn of events, four of Milazzo's supporters deserted, thereby wiping out his Assembly majority.

The sequel was recounted early last week to Sicily's hushed Assembly by Deputy Carmelo Santalco: "About a week ago I was approached with offers to betray the [Christian Democratic] Party I have served for eleven years . . . I referred the matter to the head of my party, who ad-

vised me to play out the game." His late-night visitors, said Santalco, were one of Milazzo's top aides, fast-rising Ludovico Corrao, 32, and a Communist henchman. In Santalco's room at Palermo's Hotel delle Palme, they offered to buy his Assembly vote and that of two other Christian Democrats, promising Santalco \$112,000 and a Cabinet post, and \$24,000 and lesser jobs for each of his friends. Deputy Santalco had persuaded his visitors to put it all in writing, and he dramatically waved papers before the Assembly which he said Corrao and the Communist had incautiously signed.

Seizing at this chance to dislodge the Italian Communists from their one real toe' old in Italy, the nation's anti-Communist press and politicians burst into extravagant professions of horror ("An unheard-of attempt at corruption," cried Milan's *Corriere della Sera*; "A horrible tale," said Turin's *La Stampa*). Next day Milazzo resigned. His Communist allies for the most part maintained stunned silence; but to Rome's pro-Communist *Paese Sera*, it was all very simple, Milazzo, declared *Paese Sera*, was the victim of a Mafia plot.

ADEN

Truce in the Desert

After the British retreated from Suez, it looked as if they could not hold out much longer at Aden, their hot and ugly colonial outpost at the other end of the Red Sea. In his medieval stronghold to the north, the Imam of Yemen was leagued with Arab nationalism's Hero Nasser in the United Arab States and spreading lavish gifts of money and rifles to persuade the Arabs of the Aden hinterland to join in driving the British "invaders" right off the peninsula.

Last year, to make a better buffer around Aden, the British set up a new federation of the Arab states of Aden's Western Protectorate. But only half a dozen sheiks and emirs and sultans could be prodded or cajoled into joining. The former Sultan of Lahej, most considerable of the petty potentates, turned up in Cairo to make anti-British propaganda. Half his army of 300 men, dragged along their only field piece, had crossed over to Yemen. The rest of the chieftains obviously thought the British were a poor bet for the future.

But the news out of this remote corner is that it is not the British but the Imam of Yemen who is falling back. Early last year the old (68) tyrant had to go to Italy for medical treatment. While he was away, the heir apparent, Crown Prince Badr, unable to hold the warring Yemeni tribesmen in line, emptied the royal treasury in paying out great sums to keep their allegiance. When the Imam got back last August, he had to retrench. He sent home some 70 Egyptian technicians brought in by his son, stopped the costly flow of rifles to the south. The British Governor of Aden, Sir William Luce, an old adversary of the Imam, astutely decided the time was ripe to pay a visit to the British

legation in Yemen. He was given all the courtesies by the Imam.

The effect in the desert was electrifying. On the Western Protectorate Federation's first anniversary this month, three more potentates joined up. The new Sultan of Lahej, picked to replace his predecessor in Cairo, cried: "Let us proceed farther with this glorious federation through which we can participate in achieving the great aim of Arab unity."

In the port of Aden itself, Arab nationalist ardor still runs high. A total of 1,800 oil workers are out on a strike called by the local Arab Trades Union Congress. Aden's port workers may still throb to Nasser's broadcasts, but it is the now quiescent Imam whom the British worry about. He is the chief threat to the garrison post from which they watch over their Persian Gulf oil interests. Reassured, the British are now preparing to create a second federation in Aden's even emptier Eastern Protectorate, where the British-run Iraq Petroleum Co. hopes to find oil.

PAKISTAN

95.6% Love Ayub

In his first gingerly experiment with popular elections since suspending his country's parliamentary regime 15 months ago, Pakistan's Strongman Mohammed Ayub Khan last week got an Elvis Presley-like response. Functioning as a kind of electoral college, close to 80,000 recently elected village councilmen were allowed to vote yes or no to the question: "Have you confidence in the President, Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan?" No less than 95.6% put their approving mark beside a smiling multi-clad picture of the field marshal. Those who did not trust the field marshal had the choice of checking a blank blue space.

It was not much of a contest, but it did at least familiarize Pakistanis with election techniques against the day when a constitution is written and a freer democracy promised. Voters marked their ballots in curtained privacy, dropped them in padlocked steel ballot boxes; after tally clerks had tabulated the results, fleet couriers hopped on horse or camel, or jumped into autos or motorboats, to hurry to the nearest telegraph office. Many Pakistan electors decorated their ballots with Urdu or Bengali verses in praise of Sandhurst-trained Field Marshal Ayub, attached bills and checks payable to Ayub's favorite uplift projects, or simply wrote: "I love Ayub." So little suspense was involved that Karachi's leading daily, *Dawn*, published full details on President Ayub's plans for his inaugural three days before he was even elected and five days before the votes were officially in.

Though the field marshal not long ago declared himself "not interested in personal power; I would rather retire and enjoy myself," Pakistanis last week saw signs that, unlike Burma's General Ne Win, who seems really to shrink from publicity, Good Soldier Ayub more and more enjoys basking in the role of his nation's savior.

KOREA

Death Casts a Vote

For the second time in four years, death removed President Syngman Rhee's only opponent in mid-campaign—and so assured Rhee's unopposed re-election for a fourth term as South Korea's President. Dr. Chough Pyong Ok, 65, Rhee's Democratic Party opponent, died suddenly last week in Washington's Walter Reed Hospital of coronary thrombosis following an abdominal operation. For Rhee, it was a lucky thing that the death occurred in Washington, since his opponents could not charge him with having engineered it.

Democrat Chough was a disciple of Rhee's from 1911—when they met in the



CHOUGH PYONG OK
"I hope to campaign vigorously."

Seoul Y.M.C.A.—until 1952, when Rhee had Chough beaten up and thrown into jail for 27 days. It had been Rhee, one of Woodrow Wilson's favorite students at Princeton, who persuaded Chough's father to send the 16-year-old boy to study in the U.S. Taking a Ph.D. at Columbia, Chough returned to Korea to teach economics and to preach anti-Japanese nationalism. The Japanese jailed him for five years in the '30s.

Helping Out. Rhee himself, an exile for 33 years, returned to Korea after the Japanese defeat in 1945. Chough was by then a leader of armed guerrilla bands, and suspicious of both Rhee and the conquering Americans. But he decided to side with Rhee, and was appointed director of national police by the U.S. Military Government. Rhee made him ambassador to the U.N. in 1949 and his Interior Minister in 1950. But Chough criticized Rhee's release of thousands of North Korean prisoners in defiance of U.N. orders. For this, Chough was bloodily beaten by hoodlums in Pusan.

Hitting Back. Returning to Seoul, Chough had to sleep in a different place each night because goons were again seek-

ing him. Finally they caught up with him, clubbed him and tossed him down a flight of stairs. Rhee then jailed him. In the 1956 elections, Chough backed Rhee's opposition, Presidential Candidate Patrick Henry Shinicky died of a cerebral hemorrhage ten days before the election, but the vice presidential candidate, John M. Chang, won the vice presidency. To Rhee's disgust, Vice President Chang was subsequently shot by unidentified thugs, then placed under "protective" house arrest. Chough was again severely beaten up, this time in Taegu.

Nominated last November for President, with John M. Chang as his running mate, Chough proclaimed in his harsh, high, cracked voice: "Korea is fed up with one-man rule. I hope to campaign vigorously." But Chough was already a sick man. Last month he flew to Washington for an operation to determine whether he had abdominal cancer. Thereupon Rhee's Liberals advanced the election day two months, to March 15; it is now too late for anyone to enter against Rhee. Rhee's comment on hearing of Chough's death: "John Chang should be delighted that his chief rival is out of the way."

Since the only presidential candidate is 84 years old, the real race is for vice president. Rhee once again is running ailing Assembly Speaker Lee Ki Poong, 63, as his candidate. The Democratic candidate is again Roman Catholic John Chang, 60, who got his education at New York City's Manhattan College.

FORMOSA

Keeping It Legal

In the humid, freshly painted auditorium of Taipei's city hall last week, aging (72) Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek once again ringingly assured his National Assembly that Nationalist China's victory over the Communist government in Peking was a dead certainty. Said Chiang: "Once the hour strikes . . . we shall be able to win as naturally as floodwaters flowing downhill form a big stream in the plain."

His high-pitched voice unflinching, Chiang went on: "But I am sorry to say that the heavy responsibility of recovering the mainland and rebuilding our nation entrusted to me by the National Assembly still remains to be successfully discharged. I feel greatly ashamed in facing our compatriots on the mainland who are awaiting deliverance more anxiously than ever. So great is my fault that I wish sincerely to surrender myself to you for punishment."

Changing the Rules. In fact, as Chiang well knew, chances that the National Assembly would take his classical Chinese self-deprecation at face value were slim indeed. Instead, what was primarily worrying the Assemblymen was how to elect him to a third term as President of the refugee government on Formosa without openly flouting Nationalist China's 1948 constitution.

Chiang's second six-year term will expire next month, and nowhere in sight is there anyone who could hold National-

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ist China together as he does. To amend the constitution to permit a third term requires a two-thirds quorum of the National Assembly, an impossibility. A full Assembly is 3,045 members. Only 1,453 of them—men in their 60s and 70s, and nominally representing not districts in Formosa but constituencies in Canton, Shanghai or other mainland cities—are now on the island. The rest are either in Communist hands or have died off in the ten years since the Red takeover of the mainland.

Fortnight ago the Council of Grand Justices, Nationalist China's top constitutional court, sought to clear the way for a constitutional amendment by ruling that the total membership of the National Assembly should be considered to be only the number of members actually able to attend meetings in Taipei. But Chiang himself argued against an amendment permitting a third term on the ground that the 1948 constitution was the Nationalists' "most powerful weapon" morally for reconquering the mainland.

Ready to Travel. Undaunted, Formosa's constitutional experts have made yet another proposal: let the no-third-term rule be suspended "for the duration of the emergency" by rewriting the presidential emergency powers adopted in 1948 as a temporary addendum to the constitution. This, while serving to keep Chiang in office indefinitely, would not, Nationalist officials argue, amount to a formal amendment of the constitution itself. So far Chiang, who talks blandly of foreign travel "when I am no longer burdened down with the duties of President," has refrained from giving the plan his open endorsement, but the drum-beating now going on suggests that the third-term drive has full official sanction. A foreign diplomat in Taipei, enthralled by the ingenuity of the maneuver, last week described it as "realistic, inevitable—and legal."

INDIA

Flowers of Evil

In the rain-soaked Eastern Hills of India, the bamboo forests flower only about once in 50 years. And to the wily little mountain men of the remote Mizo Hills district, the flowering is a dread omen of approaching famine. They believe that the tender shoots and the seeds encourage a vast overbreeding of jungle rats. Once this food supply is exhausted, the rats—many as big as young house cats—assemble and, like a disciplined army, march across paddies and vegetable gardens, eating everything. The broadest and swiftest rivers do not deflect them; as if hypnotized, they plunge into the water, and if not drowned, emerge on the far shore, appetites sharpened.

Eighteen months ago, when the Mizo Hills burst into spectral bloom, the frightened tribesmen—70% of whom are Christians, mostly Baptist converts—frantically appealed to the Assam state government for help. When the bamboo last bloomed, in 1910-11, and before that in 1860-62, they said, the rats came. As-



DEALER WEIGHING OUT OPIUM IN LAOS
Jam for the Black Cigarette and the Grey Gorilla.

sam's bureaucrats dismissed such prophecies as superstition. But the prophecies have come true: thousands of rats have left the jungle, attacked the clearings, and stripped everything bare. Too late, the state government sent in rat poison; what was not "lost in transit" fell into the hands of profiteers. Result: the entire 1959 rice crop was a failure. With granaries fast emptying, four-fifths of the district's 250,000 population were reported on the edge of starvation.

Last week, as reports drifted down out of the inaccessible mountain coves that at least a dozen persons had already starved to death, and a dangerous famine was imminent, three Indian air force transports and two Indian airlines cargo planes began airdropping 40 tons of rice daily. Mizo Hills Christians in their little palm-thatched village churches, and animists who still worship nature deities offered concerted prayers that when the April rains turn the brown hills to emerald green, the bamboo will not bear its evil blossoms again.

LAOS

The Boys at the Snow Leopard

What makes Phong Savan different from innumerable other thatch-roofed Laotian villages is the comfortable Inn of the Snow Leopard, built in the form of a hunting lodge. Last month the boys were gathering at the Snow Leopard to sip their *pastis*, discuss business conditions, and wait for the tribesmen on their way down from the hills with their annual offering of *confiture* (jam), the local nickname for opium. Most of the boys have a Mediterranean origin: Cossack; a wily North African; Carlo the Corsican; a Eurasian called Mottie Gnakeyque; and a clutch of characters of vaguely French antecedents—Pétit Père, La Seche Noire (the Black Cigarette), Le Gorille Gris (the Grey Gorilla).

As the Meo tribesmen, clad in red-and-blue turbans, black pants and tunics, and weighted down with massive silver anklerings and foot-and-a-half-long hairpins, arrived with the jam, the boys at the Snow Leopard sent their Chinese agents to bid for the crop. Even though this has been a bad year for poppies—there was a two-month drought in the hills—the Meo are getting only the equivalent of \$20 a kilo (2.2 lbs.). The same kilo, when it reaches the Laotian capital of Vientiane, will be worth \$60; at Saigon in South Viet Nam it will bring \$1,000, and when it is safely put ashore in San Francisco, the value may leap to \$3,000 or more.

Though the 40-odd tribes of Northern Laos are permitted to raise poppies and extract opium from their pods—it is the only cash crop available to them—the export of the drug is illegal. The boys at the Snow Leopard get around the ban by maintaining a fleet of half a dozen single-engine Beavers and Pipers outfitted with auxiliary gas tanks. They fly into South Viet Nam and parachute the jam to agents in isolated valleys, who carry it to Saigon. From there it is often smuggled by ship to Hong Kong, e.g., concealed in a crate of oranges or hidden inside the cable drum of a deck winch. Hong Kong's more than 150,000 dope addicts require an estimated 40 tons of opium a year, and though British narcotic agents search all arriving planes and boats, they seldom recover as much as 1½ tons of opium annually.

Last week the British at Hong Kong seized 340 lbs. of opium on a plane that had just flown in from Laos. But the boys at the Snow Leopard were not discouraged. Said Cossack contemptuously: "That was the work of pure amateurs. A few days before the shipment they were drunk in a Vientiane bar, and boasting about the killing they were going to make. I knew they'd be pinched quicker than that." He added complacently: "It's still business as usual among the pros."

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

What Should the U.S. Do?

President James Monroe's 1823 warning to the Holy Alliance, led by Russia and France, was the voice of a brash new nation, and it served to fence Europe out of Latin America. "We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portions of this Hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," said the Monroe Doctrine. In exercise of the pre-eminence that it thus conferred



Metropolitan Museum of Art
PRESIDENT MONROE
Too old to be brash.

on itself, the U.S. subsequently—and mistakenly, as 1960 sees it—intervened freely in Latin American affairs, by force in seven countries. Last week, in the wake of modern Russia's deepest penetration of the Hemisphere—the broad trade-and-aid agreement with Fidel Castro's Cuba—thoughts of Monroe and of intervention were inevitably voiced in Washington.

Fears. Part of the price of Castro's \$100 million in Russian assistance will probably be a flourishing traffic in Soviet technicians to get machinery running. Another part is Castro's agreement to "collaborate actively" with Russia in the United Nations, breaking the Hemisphere's façade of cold-war solidarity. (Snorted one Latin American President: "Can you imagine what would happen to my government if I signed on the dotted line to support U.S. policies in return for U.S. aid?") Secretary of State Christian Herter described Cuba frankly as a "deteriorating situation." A flustered Congress, turning to the only weapon it had considered more than 60 bills designed to clip Castro's wings by cutting back his 300,000-ton quota on the high-priced U.S. sugar market.

Raw sugar sells on the world market for 3¢ per lb., on the protected U.S. mar-

ket for more than 5¢.* The quota system, designed to protect U.S. growers and support traditional trading partners, including Cuba, nets Castro an outright subsidy of more than \$100 million a year, or 4% of Cuba's gross national product of \$2.6 billion. Sugar producers such as Brazil and Mexico argue that this boon should go to friends of the U.S. rather than to Castro's Cuba. The U.S. ambassador to Mexico, Robert Hill, long an advocate of a get-tough line with Castro, flew back to Washington last week and drew loud cheers in the Mexican press by lobbying in Congress for a bigger sugar share for Mexico, at Cuba's expense.

But a quota cut, while damaging Cuba's economy and discommoding Castro, might seem a petty action for a great power, and probably an ineffective one as well. The State Department would like to get the issue away from Congress through a bill giving the White House the power to change quotas at will. Congress shows little interest in waiving its power, but Administration pressure can probably stave off any drastic changes in the sugar law this year.

"Friends." Herter last week pointed out that the U.S. has treaty obligations "not to use political or economic means to intervene in any of the countries of Latin America." President Eisenhower, at his last press conference before flying off to four Latin American countries, added: "We must not forget that we want to be dealing in such a way that the Cuban people, who are our friends, are treated justly." The Cuban people, under Castro, are only as friendly as Castro's latest anti-U.S. TV tirade has left them. But treating them in the awareness that historically they have been friends, and will be again, is the only seemingly posture for a nation grown too powerful to be brash.

One embarrassing task for Washington last week was an apology to Castro. After a Florida-based Piper Comanche crashed on a bombing run over a central Cuban sugar mill, killing the two U.S. mercenaries aboard, Secretary Herter sent his "sincere regrets that the plane managed to escape the vigilance of our intensified airfield patrols." President Eisenhower gave the FBI authority for on-the-spot seizure of any suspicious arms caches that might be bound for the Caribbean. Castro used pieces of the plane as props in an irate TV speech, but did not charge that U.S. authorities knew about or consented to the clandestine flights. "They had nothing to gain," Castro said.

* Refined sugar retails for about 1½¢ per lb. in the U.S. and for 70¢ in Russia, where the government's yearly profit from sugar sales is greater than its total annual investment in all agriculture. The world's greatest sugar producer (7,000,000 tons). Russia may well use the 1,000,000 tons yearly it has agreed to buy from Cuba for re-export through satellite countries.

BRAZIL

The Candidates

Brazil's Oct. 3 presidential election, the most important political event of the year in Latin America, will pit a stone-spined old soldier with a left-wing, nationalist program against a fiery-eyed spellbinder whose platform is austere conservatism. One afternoon last week the old soldier, Field Marshal Henrique Baptista Duffles Teixeira Lott, 65, resigned as War Minister in order "to go into the arena with no privileges or priorities." Then the red-cheeked descendant of Dutch-English immigrants slipped into multi in an adjoining room, walked out to a waiting Jeep, and drove off through popping firecrackers and a cheering crowd to his first political rally. The presidential race was on.

Workers' Sweat. From the balcony of a building housing a Nationalist Committee for Lott, he promptly made foreign capital his prime target. Said he in a small, high-pitched voice: "We no longer desire that the sweat of Brazilian workers serve to build riches for those abroad." At his second rally of the day, he called for improvement of the government steel mill, Volta Redonda, and "more guarantees for untouchable Petrobrás," the state oil monopoly.

The mantle that Marshal Lott aspires to is that of Getulio Vargas, the demagogic dictator-President who shot himself in 1954, leaving a note blaming his suicide on the pressure of "international financial groups." Last week, three days after leaving the War Ministry, Lott



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greeted a noisy convention to accept the nomination of Vargas' old Brazilian Labor Party (P.T.B.). "I am a nationalist," he said. "Nationalism is related to patriotism the way charity is to faith."

To get the nomination, Lott accepted as his running mate Brazil's current Vice President, rabble-rousing P.T.B. Boss João ("Jango") Goulart. With Goulart came a platform that includes a broad right-to-strike law for Brazilian workers, strict curbs on the remittance of profits abroad, land reform, profit sharing for industrial employees. This platform brought automatic Communist backing, an estimated 200,000 votes.

Inflation Program. Lott is also the candidate of President Juscelino Kubitschek's Social Democrats, a party of bureaucrats and big landholders, and he thereby inherits Kubitschek's policy of forced-draft development through inflation. Lott thus has all the massive backing that elected Kubitschek.

But Kubitschek ran in a three-way race against weak candidates; Lott is up against ex-Schoolteacher Jânio Quadros, who in a few years rose from obscurity to become the new-broom governor of São Paulo, spark of Brazil's industrial boom. Quadros kicks off his shoes on the stump, spills ashes on his shirt and works the crowd to frenzy. His program is honest government, slashing bureaucracy, building roads and power plants, and turning private enterprise loose for progress. He describes his own nationalism as "grown-up, vaccinated and old enough to vote." Quadros' main handicap: the streak of eccentricity that led him to pull out of the race one week and jump back in almost immediately (TIME, Dec. 7 et seq.). Betting odds last week: about even.

PERU

Love Affair

The reception that France gave Peru's visiting President Manuel Prado y Ugarteche last week lived up in every aspect of official warmth and splendor to that given President Eisenhower last December. Bunting in Peruvian red and white floated from every government building, crowds cheered Prado in the streets, a 101-gun salute honored him at the Foreign Ministry. To the Parisian in the street, who did not necessarily know who Prado is, it may have seemed an outsize greeting, but beneath the hoopla was a serious, meaningful gesture, and back of it was Charles de Gaulle.

The love affair between France and Peru is built of many links. Rich, aristocratic President Prado, 70, is a lifelong admirer of France. During his first term of office (1930-45) he was Latin America's first President to recognize De Gaulle's Free French government; after his term ended, he exiled himself to France, stayed there eight years before returning for Peru's 1956 election and his second term. In office this time, he supported France's Algerian policy in the U.N. De Gaulle sees Peru as a diplomatic lever to open doors in South America for his "third world force"—a concept that, in the words of Paris' *Le Monde*, includes "the affinity between European and South American countries in their common desire not to be crushed between the U.S. and the Soviet Union."

Prado and his wife Clorinda, 54, whom he married two years ago, arrived aboard a special Air France flight, and were met

® Left, Yvonne de Gaulle; right, Clorinda Prado.

by Culture Minister André Malraux, who had delivered France's invitation while touring Latin America last year. Top social event was a state banquet given by De Gaulle at Elysée Palace. Mrs. Prado, superbly gowned, won such compliments as Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville's "You are a real Parisian woman!" She confided that her only worry was "making too many gestures. I don't want to look like a demonstrative South American woman."

At visit's end, France promised Peru credit to buy Mystère IV jets, military helicopters and electrical equipment. The Prados then flew to Rome. On the agenda: an audience with Pope John XXIII, visits to Britain, Holland and Germany, and an unofficial return trip next week to his beloved France.

MEXICO

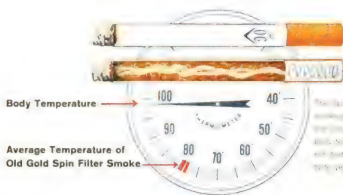
Toward Spending

Mexico's government owns a statistic 40% of the nation's enterprises, and its cautiously conservative aim under the administration of President Adolfo López Mateos is "to develop Mexico as fast as non-inflationary investment will permit." López Mateos trimmed spending last year to pay off debts left by his predecessor, kept the peso strong at \$16, kept the cost-of-living increase down to an insignificant 1.2% (U.S. increase: 1.8%). But gross national product, which grew a booming 5% in 1958, climbed only 4%—barely enough to keep ahead of the annual 3% population jump. Now López Mateos appears ready to start spending for development—even at the cost of a few percentage points of inflation.

Last week, with the debts paid, the President announced that a record \$640 million in public funds will be invested in development projects in 1960. Nearly half the cash will go to industrial growth: pipelines, refineries, absorption plants and grease factories for the government oil monopoly, Pemex; a petrochemical industry to turn out detergents; plants to make phosphorus and ammonia power projects to produce 213,000 kw. by the end of the year, and 2,000,000 kw. eventually. The Chihuahua-Pacific Railroad will be finished, and so will the highway linking the Yucatán peninsula to the rest of the nation. Work will continue on roads to link such blossoming industrial centers as Saltillo and Guadalajara, Tampico and San Luis Potosí. The Altos Hornos steel mill at Monclova will raise annual production 42% to 850,000 tons.

The result, the government economists hope, will be a boost in G.N.P. by 5.5%, a gain in employment—and a growth in the cost-of-living index "within tolerable limits." National Chamber of Commerce Chief (and Coca-Cola Bottler) Juan Martínez del Campo believes that the government spending program will give the economy a sharp jab where it will do the most good. Private investors, he says, can expect "reasonable profits" and the nation "can expect that private enterprise as well as the government will increase its investment this year."

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*Figures are representative of a particular model group (as specified by Automobile Information Incorporated, April 1959). "Mercury" includes all other models. "Low-price" includes all models of the same class. "See-ability" includes windshield area. "Insulation" includes all insulation. "Quietness" includes all models of the same class. "Road-hugging" includes all models of the same class.



Playwright **Arthur Miller**, husband of Cinemorsel **Marilyn** (*Some Like It Hot*) **Monroe**, wished aloud that the public would pay more attention to her lines and less to her curves. Said he: "She would not have lasted so long except for her genuine acting ability." As a case in point, he referred to Marilyn's forthcoming stardom in a Nevada-made movie titled *The Misfit*, written especially for her by Playwright Miller. "When this film is finished, everyone will recognize my wife's ability."

Doing a six-month stretch in Tennessee's Davidson County workhouse on an inciting-to-riot rap, Yankee Segregationist **John Kasper**, 30, fresh from a five-month respite in federal stir for contempt of court, was contemptuous of his treatment by the feds, laudatory of his local jailors. Observed he: "You know exactly what is expected of you at the workhouse. You eat, sleep and work, and that's about all of it. The federal system has too many bureaucrats. I always had the unexplained sense of great eyes watching me. And they go in for psychological brainwashing." At the moment, Kasper was laboring with three other prisoners, collecting litter and offal on county roads. Observed one of his guards: "He'll pick up a dead dog quick as anybody."

Brooding over the possibility of a woman as U.S. President, a New York *Post* columnist recalled that a Maine constituent once inquired of doughty Republican Senator **Margaret Chase Smith**: "What would you do if you woke up one morning and found yourself in the White House?" Senator Smith's tart reply: "I would apologize to the President's wife and go home."

Not since the 11th century, when its owner, **Macbeth**, murdered King Duncan in his sleep, had there been such anguish at stately Glamis Castle in the chilly hills of Scotland. A fire broke out in an uninhabited wing, was extinguished by the local fire department before it engulfed the cozy apartments where Queen Elizabeth once romped. Princess Margaret was born, and the Queen Mother's family have lived for some 600 years. The Earl of Strathmore, the castle's present guardian, tried to brave the flames to rescue his Labrador puppy, then thought better of it. The puppy was sitting outside with the crowd, watching the fire.

Although few Negroes are inclined to take direct action when their race is flurried, sultry Songstress **Lena Horne**, dining in a Hollywood restaurant with her white husband, Musical Director **Lenie Hayton**, took umbrage when a nearby patron voiced an insult at the singer and her race. Pretty Lena responded with drumfire—a hurricane lamp, some dishes and three ashtrays. Her startled detractor wound up with a gash over his eye. By



SONGSTRESS HORNE
Three ashtrays for a detractor.

the time cops arrived, cooler heads had prevailed, and no charges were brought by either side.

Two little girls, 9 and 11, saucily tossed their blonde curls in the Dallas bookstore and shrilled into song: "How much is that book in the window? The one that says all the smart things. How much is that book in the window? I do hope to learn all it brings!" They were plugging a novel titled *Alpaca*, a weird pitch for utopian plutocracy authored and published



Shir. Harthorn—Black Stone
NOVELIST HUNT
Seven votes for a fat cat.

by their daddy, Oilman **H. L. Hunt**, 71, long the fearless Big Daddy to many a far-right crusade (Wisconsin's late Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy, *Facts Forum*, radio's current *Life Line* program). As Novelist Hunt sees it, the ideal state's biggest taxpayers should be its biggest voters. The real fat-cat taxpayers would each get seven votes, the lower 40% bracketeers only a vote apiece. But Author Hunt defends his system not as plutocracy but as incomeocracy: "It is the taxpayer who gets the bonus, not the rich man . . . It's like a corporation: the greatest stockholders have the greatest votes." In *Alpaca*, it all comes out like this: "Will you help me further this plan for just government? Will you do me the honor of working with me . . . ?" Yes, Achala, Mara promised.

Heart Specialist **Paul Dudley White** replaced the myth of youth with some hard facts. Middle age begins at 30 and lasts until 80, he announced somberly in Boston. The dangerous years of this 60-year spread are not the last 20 but the first. It is then that overfed and underexercised Americans are sowing the seeds of a coronary harvest. How to plow under this crop? Get more exercise. Dr. White, 73, walks miles each day, rides a bicycle, and in winter shovels snow.

Stone-faced, Italian-horn Gambler **Frank Costello**, 69, lost one more foothold in his fight to stay on U.S. soil. The U.S. Court of Appeals unanimously upheld a year-old federal court order stripping him of his citizenship because he called himself a real estate dealer instead of a bootlegger, when he was naturalized in 1925. But Costello will probably not go anywhere for a while; he is still serving a five-year sentence for evading more than \$28,000 in income taxes.

Fighting her way through a blizzard from New York to a Pittsburgh speaking date, **Eleanor Roosevelt**, a lively 75, first had her plane land in Columbus, then dauntlessly hopped a bus for a 200-mile last lap. After the bus was delayed by a traffic jam and snowdrifts, Pennsylvania state police rescued Mrs. Roosevelt but did not get her to Pittsburgh until hours too late. Losing no more time, she caught a train back to Manhattan. How had she whiled away her time on the snailish bus? "Waiting to get there."

After taking 60 driving lessons, West Germany's Bundestag Vice President **Carlo Schmid**, 63, soloed through the streets of Bonn in a Mercedes-Benz 220. His adventure ended when he mistook his foot throttle for the brake, piled into the *Alt Heidelberg* beer hall with his front bumper squared squarely up to the bar, stepped out with minor bruises. The dust had no sooner settled than the air was filled with political gags. Quipped Bonn's Mayor Wilhelm Daniels, an Adenauer supporter: "I know that Carlo Schmid does not particularly like Bonn, but this is no reason for wrecking our beer halls!"

MUSIC

"How Strange"

"This," said the young man, "is the avant-garde of all the arts in one hall." He was standing in the lobby of Manhattan's off-Broadway Phoenix Theater, surrounded by an intermission crowd of beards, ponytails and beatniks. The occasion: an evening of modern dance presented by the most consistently daring experimenter in the field—Dancer-Choreographer Merce Cunningham.

Since he left the Martha Graham company 14 years ago, Merce Cunningham has pursued a labyrinthine path extravagantly admired by his followers but often bewilderingly obscure to uninitiated spectators. In Cunningham's world, disembodied arms may project from behind curtains to serve as coat racks, the dancers may suddenly suspend all motion to stand fiercely washing their hands, the hero, dressed in a multi-colored coat, may roll about grunting like a pig or baying like a hound.

Motion & Stillness. On last week's program the two principal pieces, both choreographed by Cunningham, were *Summerspace* and *Antic Meet*, set to music by two modernists—Morton Feldman, 35, and John Cage, 47. The first, described as "a lyric dance," was an impressionistic work evoking the shimmering heat of summer, the play of light and shade. It was danced before a pointillistic backdrop of blue and green, and the dancers wore similarly dappled costumes (the spots were sprayed on with a paint gun), which permitted them to disappear into and emerge from the scenery as if they were passing through a wall. Throughout, various members of the company wandered

haphazardly on and off stage, paying little apparent attention to what the others were doing. They were all concerned, explains Cunningham, "with moving and being still."

Antic Meet, set to squeaking, creaking, honking music conducted by Composer Cage himself, was mostly satirical—a spoof of social conventions, sports, the modern dance itself. At one point Cunningham pulled on and off a multisleeved sweater in a pointed jab at Martha Graham's fondness for dressing and undressing while dancing. At another he appeared in white coveralls and went through a marvelously loose-limbed parody of vaudeville-style dancing, with broad suggestions of Fred Astaire. The piece contained few outright ballet laughs, but it was distinguished by the clean, sculptural style that is the mark of Cunningham's best work.

Bus & Symbols. Choreographer Cunningham, 38, learned his first fancy steps from an oldtime vaudeville performer who taught him a sailor's hornpipe in a special soft-shoe version. That was back home in Centralia, Wash., where Cunningham grew up, the son of a country lawyer. In those days he used to tapdance at the local Grange Hall, eventually graduated to a summer session at California's Mills College, where he met Martha Graham and agreed to join her company. In the Graham years he danced male leads in such works as *Letter to the World* and *Appalachian Spring* and was the Christ figure in *El Penitente*. He now runs his own school in Manhattan makes occasional tours in a Volkswagen bus with his small dance company (four girls and one man), plus Composer Cage and Pianist David Tudor.

Cunningham professes to be utterly bewildered by complaints that his work is obscurely symbolic. "Symbols," says he, "don't interest me. You see a chair strapped on my back. Can't we just say, 'How strange?'"

Fifty Years at the Met

Behind the fabled artists in the Metropolitan Opera's long history from Caruso to Nilsson, have stood thousands of other, anonymous singers needed to keep the show on the stage. They were the members of the chorus, providing night after night the necessary Egyptian commoners, the Parisian tradespeople, the Spanish factory girls and Russian peasants. The 75 singers now in the Met's excellent chorus rarely falter, but when one does, standard procedure is to look for a cue from a huxom, 65-year-old mezzo-soprano named Marguerite Belleri. Says she: "If I cry, they cry. If I smile or attack, they do it, too." Last week, the company's senior chorister was honored for her 50th year with the Met.

With Caruso. While a generation of stars has come and gone, Chorister Belleri has slipped out of the stage door at night after the fall of the great golden curtain and boarded the subway for her home



BELLERI & BING AT PARTY
Five dollars extra for screams.

in Jackson Heights, often with a score tucked under her arm. "I always try to look my best on the subway," says she. "I think, 'Here is our audience, right down here.'"

Born Gretl Maerkel in Bavaria, Singer Belleri was signed for the Met in the summer of 1910, while she was still a Munich schoolgirl. When she reported for duty that fall, she was, at 16, the youngest chorus member in Met history, made her debut in the 1910 season in *Aida*, with Caruso. In those days, the chorus was bigger—120 members—and the newest arrival was paid \$24 a week, plus \$2 for solos. In the present uninitiated chorus, Belleri earns around \$15 a week and \$15 to \$30 for solos (although she makes only \$5 extra for screaming that Turiddu has been murdered by Alfin in *Cavalleria Rusticana*).

Three Regimes. Since that first *Aida*, Mezzo Belleri (who was married to Tenor Lamberto Belleri, also a longtime member of the Met chorus until his death in 1945) has appeared in more than 100 different operas, often in as many as eight performances a week. And she has witnessed three management changes—Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Edward Johnson and Rudolf Bing.

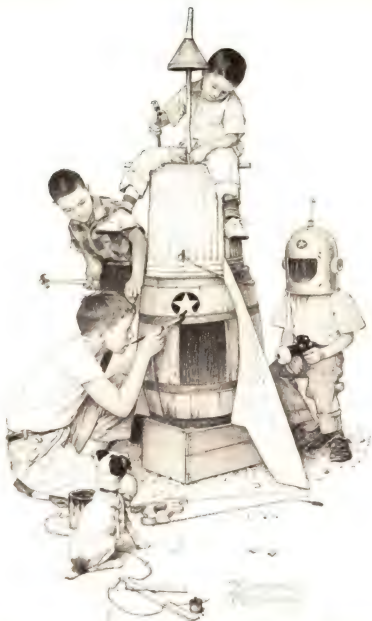
Her memories are crowded with the kind of incident that the chorus is usually the first to notice—and the first to cover up: the time Dramatic Sorano Rosa Ponselle got carried away in the fight scene of *Carmen*'s Act I and yanked two strands of Mezzo Belleri's braids out by the roots; or the occasion, in Liszt's rarely performed *Saint Elizabeth*, when one soldier lost his tights, causing Conductor Artur Bodanzky to go into such a seizure

Behind and to the right of Bing: Soprano Birgit Nilsson.



Richard R. Lueders

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Along with Ronald Colman in the cabshah.



Ben Martin
SCHULLER

of laughter that the orchestra had to finish the scene by itself. During half a century, Mezzo Belleri has also developed some unshakable critical judgments. Elizabeth Rethberg was "absolutely the greatest soprano" she ever heard, while Margarete Matzenauer was "the mezzo of the ages." As for Lauritz Melchior, "I will never hear another Lohengrin like his."

As part of her 50th-anniversary celebration last week, Chorister Belleri got a complete set of Metropolitan Opera Annals and the privilege of taking Saturday night off (she promptly took a second-row seat for *La Forza del Destino*). At a party, General Manager Bing, who has just finished his first decade at the Met, gave her the highest accolade. "Ten years is almost too much for me," sighed he. "How did you ever stand so?"

The World of Paul Klee

One day in the German city of Dessau, a pupil of Painter Paul Klee saw him marching down the center of the sidewalk, absent-mindedly keeping time to the music of a passing band. What he was pondering, explained Klee, was the rhythmic relationship between the music and the slabs of concrete passing beneath his feet. To illustrate, he drew a sketch: a stream of smoothly flowing lines set off against a series of thrusting rectangles. Klee, son of a musicologist and himself an accomplished violinist, long wavered between music and painting; throughout his life (he died in 1940) he kept seeing rhythmic parallels between the two arts. "And so I gently slide into the world of tonality," said he at 24, when he began to turn from etching to painting.

Composers, in turn, have heard the musical echoes in Klee's wiry, convoluted paintings, studded with runic signs and symbols. Last week Manhattan audiences had an unusual introduction to the world of Paul Klee as it appears to two contemporary U.S. composers.

¶ Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee* had its premiere with the visiting Minneapolis Symphony under Conductor Antal Dorati. Each of Schuller's studies took its name from a Klee painting, tried to preserve the rhythms of the work and in some cases the

colors. *Antique Harmonies*, for instance, is a canvas of overlapping blocks, ranging from near black through amber, ochre and brown to brighter colors; to Schuller, it suggested a hushed, dense background of woodwinds, interrupted by "the brighter yellow of the trumpets and high strings." Klee's famed *Twittering Machine*, which looks something like an inverted mobile from which fishing lures have been suspended, inspired Schuller to a snatch of serial music in which the orchestra beeped, squeaked and rasped like a rusty hinge while the muted brasses burped out shreds of sound. *Little Blue Devil*, a complex of overlapping triangles, rectangles and pentagons, suggested a perky blues mood. *Arab Village*, an aerial view in yellows and browns, inspired Schuller to write a theme resembling nothing so much as the cabshah scene in an early Ronald Colman movie.

¶ David Diamond's *The World of Paul Klee*, which had its premiere in 1958, was played by the New York Philharmonic under Assistant Conductor Seymour Lipkin. Each of Diamond's four musical pictures was introduced by a "frame," which served the same mood-setting function that Musorgsky's "promenades" do in *Pictures from an Exhibition*. Like Schuller, Composer Diamond used *Twittering Machine* as the inspiration for one of his pieces, but he saw it in more somber tones: muted, dark-hued movements of the strings, with the picture's more jagged lines delineated by scampering woodwinds and brasses. *Dance of the Grieving Child*, a pen-and-ink sketch in which the child's sharply inclined head looks like an immense light bulb with umbrellas for filament, moved Diamond to a softly lyrical, dreamlike sequence in the strings, interrupted by brassy but tentative dissonances and finally fading limply into silence. *The Black Prince*, which consists principally of a juttingly regal nose and two moon-sized eyes surmounted by a crown, opened with somber, wispy cries of woodwinds and horns, gave way to impetuously flourishing passages in the brasses, died in a melancholy twitter of strings, less fanciful than the Schuller works. Diamond's "pictures" were ultimately more moving and closer in feeling to Klee's own eerily dream-haunted visions.



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THE THEATER

New Play on Broadway

Caligula (adapted from the French of Albert Camus by Justin O'Brien) scrutinizes one of the most nefarious rulers of history, whose one excuse for being a monster is that he was almost surely a madman. Camus wrote *Caligula* in 1948, an ominous time of madmen and monsters, but even then *Caligula* was not in any usual sense tendentious. No self-made, power-mad Brown-shirted or Black-shirted or Red dictator, Caligula was bred to the purple; endowed with unlimited power, what he came to thirst after was unlimited "freedom." Camus' Caligula, whose once very human blood has turned to bile, and from bile to venom, would have the impossible: he would dispense with love, reason, friendship—every bond uniting humanity. He would as passionately destroy as other men create, would claim to be a god that he might act the beast.

With cynically inverted logic and with suppurated sensibility, Caligula degrades, tortures, rapes, murders those about him. He alternates appalling melodrama with grisly farce, is now a kind of rancidly self-communing Hamlet, now Venus in a gold wig. The more inhumanly homicidal his acts become, the more inherently suicidal is his mood. Boundless egotism shatters into nihilism, limitless freedom festers into self-imprisonment, until Caligula's assassination at the hands of conspirators is really a welcomed assignation with death.

Camus's effort to hold a monster up to nature and draw a sane moral from a mad career produces a startlingly simple one. As Camus himself phrased it: "One cannot be free at the expense of others." To extract from such sick, vast-scaled cruelty and violence such mere copybook wisdom seems at the same time elaborate and insufficient. In any case, what turns Caligula into a pathologically fascinating figure keeps him from being in any fundamental sense an interesting one. In much the same way, *Caligula* has its brilliant bursts of theater, its explosive moments of action, its lightning flashes of revelation, but no sustained drama and almost no inner development.

Cleanly translated by Justin O'Brien, strikingly directed by Sidney Lumet, and with Kenneth Haigh giving an unstinting, unflinching performance in the title role, and Philip Bourneuf and others lending helpful support, *Caligula* yet falls short of the mark and too often goes slack. This is in part because, for being so unfettered, Caligula's dream grows oddly one dimensional. It is in part because a dehumanized hero is, in morality-play fashion, surrounded by flatly allegorical types who seldom seem human either: in part because, where the talk does not resemble oratory, it resembles soliloquy. Mixing theatricality with intellectualism, *Caligula* is at once too much a mere stage piece—and too little.

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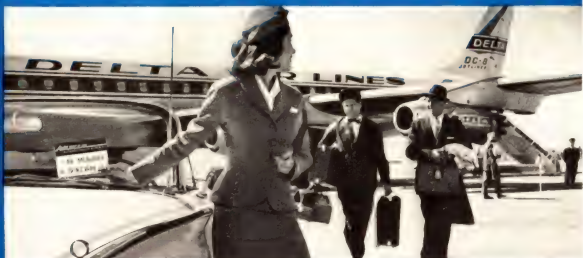
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FRENCH PLUTONIUM PLANT AT MARCOULE
At 100 kilos, a folding seat in the atomic club.

France's Atomic Status

As the clouds of political fury drifted away after the French atomic explosion, the world's scientists last week had their first chance to take a calm, studied look at the French achievement. Even the high commissioner of the French Atomic Energy Commission joined in the dispassionate stocktaking. Said trim, goateed Francis Perrin: "It [the explosion] gives us no more than a folding seat, and not an armchair, in the atomic club. One must not entwine the vain sense of glory around this experiment."

But though little noticed, France has developed a solid and tidy atomic capability. The fissionable substance in the French bomb was plutonium. The French have been producing plutonium since 1948, now get their supply from three reactors located at Marcoule, near Avignon in southern France. Together the three turn out about 100 kilograms of plutonium a year. In anyone's nuclear language, this is a respectable amount of plutonium, and with it France can turn out an estimated twelve atomic bombs a year, in the 20-200 kiloton range. By the end of 1961, when two reactors now under construction at Chinon begin to produce, France's annual output should increase to 320 kilograms.

The efficiency of the device the French set off in the Sahara is shrouded in secrecy, but some top atomic experts estimate that it was roughly as efficient as the early U.S. bombs, i.e., it achieved fission of 2% of the plutonium it contained. (Current rate of fission in the U.S. bombs is estimated at 10%.) Says one Western European nuclear physicist well acquainted with the French atomic program: "They are ten years behind the Americans, seven years behind the British."

No one expects France to have much difficulty in progressing into the more advanced arts of nuclear devices. Asked how long it would take the French to convert the Sahara test device into a compact bomb, one U.S. expert said: "They'll do it within months." With plutonium and heavy water already in hand, the French are expected to be able to produce an

SCIENCE

H-bomb in much less time than it took the U.S. and Russia, both of whom had to spend many months and even years in theoretical studies to determine whether a hydrogen explosion was even feasible.

High Winds

Scientists have long thought that the outer edge of the atmosphere was a quiet place. Little wind, they thought, ever blew there. They knew that at 100,000 ft. the temperature hovered at $-40^{\circ}\text{F}.$, rose to zero at 120,000 ft.; that air density there was only $1/180$ of what it is at sea level.

But last week, University of Chicago Meteorologist Herbert Riehl, 44, reported that the high, thin air above 100,000 ft. is swept by raging, 130-m.p.h. winds that blow fiercely for a day or a week, then subside inexplicably into dead calm—then

reverse themselves and blow in the opposite direction.

Violent Changes. Like so many things in the age of space, Riehl's discovery came in the course of a project designed to study something else. The Office of Naval Research, the National Science Foundation and the University of Chicago organized Operation Skyhook 60, which envisioned sending two huge balloons, each more than 400 ft. high, from an aircraft carrier to a height of 120,000 ft. for the purpose of studying cosmic rays. It was essential to know what weather conditions were at that dizzy height so that destroyers and search planes could be deployed to rescue the gondola when it was cut loose. Named chief meteorologist for Skyhook, Riehl set up his headquarters in Puerto Rico, and established contact with ten other weather stations ringing the Caribbean. These stations were furnished with special, high-altitude sounding balloons. At an agreed hour every day, the balloons were released from all eleven stations and tracked by radio. The data were passed on to Riehl, and plotted on an overall map. "We were totally unprepared for what we discovered," admits Riehl. "It was amazing."

Fifteen years ago, Riehl was a member of the team headed by the late Carl-Gustaf Rossby that studied and plotted the jet stream circling the Northern Hemisphere at an altitude of 30,000-40,000 ft. and at velocities of more than 400 m.p.h. But these new winds were far more erratic, though not so violent. For the first ten days, an erratic rush of air flowed west over the Caribbean to the Pacific, at velocities ranging from 30 to 130 m.p.h. On the eleventh day, the southern stations reported that the air above them had abruptly reversed direction, was now flowing eastward. Soon a shear line (the demarcation line between two opposite-flowing air currents) worked its way northward through the stream until the entire stream was blowing from west to east. Next day the stream again reversed itself, blew once more out of the east.

Higher & Faster. Dr. Riehl's new knowledge served Operation Skyhook 60 well. From his San Juan headquarters



Associated Press
LAUNCHING OF SKYHOOK BALLOON
At 100,000 ft., an erratic rush.



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Riehl radioed to the task force the positions to take for the launchings.

Like the lower-altitude jet stream, Riehl's new wind currents are estimated to be about 300 miles wide, and seem to blow in layers, with the fastest-moving air sandwiched between two slower-moving bands. While the jet stream blows primarily from west to east, the high winds usually blow in the opposite direction. But Riehl admits that he has made only a beginning. The balloons reached only 120,000 ft., and Riehl thinks that wind velocities may be still higher beyond that altitude. "Actually," he says, "we probably were mapping only the lower part of the band."

Basic Research

Two husky football players suited up in the University of Colorado's field house at Boulder one day last week, taped on special shoulder pads equipped with accelerometers, and then charged furiously into each other in the cause of science. The impact was thunderous, but no more so than thousands of other collisions that occur on the nation's gridirons every fall weekend. But astonishingly enough, the players recorded a reading of 50 g.—well over twice the amount most people think a human can tolerate.

The gimmick was that man can endure momentarily many more g. than he can for even a few seconds. Severe though the players' jolt was, it lasted only 5/1000 of a second. Sponsors of the experiment were engineers from the Stanley Aviation Corp., which is building the escape capsule for the Air Force's new mach 2 bomber, the B-58 Hustler. In these capsules the pilot will be fired out of the plane by an explosive charge, will get another jolt when the capsule hits the outside air traveling at supersonic speeds. From such tests as these and others, Stanley engineers hope to learn just how much of a jar a human can endure, and for how long. Says Expert Galen A. Holcomb: "We don't want to know how to break a man's neck. We just want to know the point before breaking."



Pat Coffey

FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN G. TEST
When does a neck snap?



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SPORT



WEST GERMANY'S HEIDI BIEBL
Careful sacrifice.

Flying the Airplane

The snow stopped as if on signal. Vice President Richard Nixon pronounced the official opening, some 700 athletes craned necks to watch 2,000 pigeons climb for the sky, and the eighth Winter Olympics, born in controversy and sustained at a cost of \$13 million, began last week in California's Squaw Valley.

Out of sight, among the towering pines up on KT-22 Mountain, lay a short stretch of snow that was to prove the burial ground of the U.S.'s fondest hopes for its high-rated women skiers. Even to the casual eye, the setting was sinister enough: the steepest, straightest *schuss* on the course dived toward a hard-packed bump, which tossed the skier into the air just as she hit a 90° left turn dubbed "Airplane Turn."

On the Washboard. Looking like a small lady Martian in her white crash helmet and goggles, New Hampshire's round-cheeked, chunky Penny Pitou, 21, was the first skier to jab her poles into the snow and set off. Penny plummeted through the *schuss*, hit the bump at such a speed that she was forced to the washboard surface on the outside of the turn. For one frantic second, she tottered on one ski, then recovered control to flash home in 1:38.6.

Standing at the bottom of the course, Penny sweated out her rivals' times, wincing, covering her eyes, wringing her hands and staving off newsmen: "I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to talk to anyone!" For the runs of six other girls, Penny's time stood. Then a clerk in a West German ski factory began her run.

Heidi Biebl, shy and solid (5 ft. 3 in., 132 lbs.), had been almost unnoticed in the bustling Olympic Village, training so diligently that she barely bothered to celebrate her 19th birthday three days before the race. In perfect control, Heidi sacrificed some speed by beginning her turn

two-thirds of the way down the *schuss*, but shaved the corner so closely that she missed the main heave of the bump, tamed Airplane Turn. Her final time beat Penny's by a full second.

Last Hopes. With that, U.S. prestige rode on the shoulders of Vermont's svelte Betsy Snite, 21, back in form after a knee injury earlier this season and second only to Penny on the proud U.S. team. Hunched low over her skis, cutting corners like a man, Betsy looked the fastest of the day as she shot out of the *schuss*. Then she hit the bump. The impact slammed her into Airplane's bank so hard that she caught an edge, arched through a double cartwheel, fell on a ski point and lay still.

Going flat out to save the day, California's Linda Meyers, 22, sprawled in the snow in almost exactly the same spot. New Hampshire's Joan Hannah, 20, arms



U.S.'S PENNY PITOU
Costly totter.

flailing wildly, made it all the way through Airplane only to crash into a control gate at turn's exit.

That did it. Penny dashed over to congratulate West Germany's Heidi, who exploded in one joyous round of hugs, then slipped away. Baffled newsmen, 1,000 strong, waited in vain for Heidi at a scheduled press conference. The new Olympic champion was taking a nap.

Switzerland's Roger Staub, 24, a carefree, reckless skier who has been a perennial runner-up, poled and skated his way through the giant slalom, took it easily. Tom Corcoran, 28-year-old graduate of the Harvard Business School, who was seeded 24th, exceeded all expectation by finishing fourth.

By unofficial scoring, Russia was off to an early overall lead, largely by sweeping the first four places in the women's 10-kilometer cross-country, in which the U.S. had no entries.

Wait Until August

Across the country from Squaw Valley, U.S. track stars put on a dazzling show at the national A.A.U. indoor championships in Manhattan, promising a more impressive showing at the Summer Olympics in Rome. In a single night U.S. athletes shattered three world records.

Most spectacular was Weightman Hal Connolly, 1956 Olympic champion, who last year inexplicably failed to live up to his old form. Last week burly (6 ft., 230 lbs.) Hal Connolly, with one titanic heave, threw the 35-lb. weight 71 ft. 2½ in.—breaking the 70-ft. barrier and surpassing the previous record by an impressive 2 ft. 6½ in.

After his victory, Connolly finally admitted the cause for last year's poor showing. Two days after he lost to Vasily Rudenkov, in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet in Philadelphia, he had surgery for a hernia that had plagued him all season. Married to Discus Thrower Olga Fikotova, Czechoslovakia's 1956 Olympic gold medalist, Connolly has a simple explanation for his new strength: "A happy marriage and eating well." Other record breakers:

Boston University's fabulous sophomore John Thomas, 18, continued to jump higher than any other man ever has either indoors or out, this time cleared 7 ft. 2 in.

Army Lieut. Irvin Roberson, 24, one-time star Cornell halfback, jumped 25 ft. 9½ in. to break Jesse Owens' 25-year-old indoor broad-jump record by half an inch.

El Beisbol

In Venezuela, the baseball fans express themselves in fiery terms: hundreds of candles twinkle in the stands when they are happy, bonfires rage in the concrete bleachers when they are mad. In the



BETSY SNITE AT AIRPLANE TURN
Double cartwheel.



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Dominican Republic, they swarm onto the field in such purposeful rage that offending umpires have fled in the police paddy wagon. In Cuba, they salute a good play by spraying spectators across the diamond with a fusillade of Roman candles.

In fact, no other baseball fan in the world celebrates his sport with the bellying fervor of the Caribbean aficionado. He has plenty to shout about: winter baseball brings back the home-town boys who have streamed north to the U.S. to find fame in the majors. In the nine leagues around the Caribbean this season, fans could get a close-hand look once again at such stars as the White Sox's Luis Aparicio (Venezuela's Rapinos), the Indians' Vic Power (Puerto Rico's Cangas), the Giants' Orlando Cepeda (Puerto Rico's Santurce Crabbers) and the Senators' Pitcher Pedro Ramos (Cuba's Cienfuegos Elephants). In addition, U.S. teams use the Caribbean leagues to season their young players, this year sent down some 350 men to sweat in the winter sun. The result was a brand of ball not far from major-league standards.

Last week the season rose to a climax as Cuba, Panama, Puerto Rico and Venezuela met in Panama in a round-robin fight for the twelfth annual Caribbean championship. When Panama's Elias Osorio hit a two-run homer over the wall to beat Venezuela in the bottom of the ninth, he was waylaid by a delirious mob on the third-base line. Frantic hands clutched his sleeve, pounded his back, hoisted him high and then dropped him. Waiting at home plate, Umpire Pat Orr fumed as he fought to keep his feet in the crush. "Be patient, Pat," shouted Panama's third baseman Hector Lopez (New York Yankees) as he struggled near by. "He'll make it sooner or later."

Osorio did eventually make it, but not before the crowd had twisted his thumb so enthusiastically that he could not play the next day against Cuba. Worse yet for Panama fans, Lopez announced that he was too sick to take the field. After Lopez' hapless sub had made two errors, orange husks began to swirl out of the stands like snow. Hundreds of spectators jammed around the dugout as desperate umpires begged Lopez to play so that the game could go on. Lopez finally acceded to the wishes of his public, but he went none for four as Cuba trimmed his team 10-7 and walked off with the championship. Around the Caribbean, baseball fans put away their Roman candles and paddy wagons for another year.

Cold Fury

The world's No. 1 bobsledder is a coal-and-ice dealer from Cortina, Italy. Eugenio Monti, 32, broke both legs in a skiing accident years ago; one cheek is deeply scarred from a splintering crash two years ago at St. Moritz, when his sled turned a double-somersault. "Brakes?" snorts Monti. "You should use them only to stop at the finish."

Redheaded Gene Monti spends his idle hours polishing the Swedish steel runners of his sled to a high glint, lovingly stores



Curtis Bonagalli—Sports

ITALY'S MONTI & ALVERA

Brokes are only for stopping with.

them away in wrappings of lamb's wool. Before a race he clumps up and down the course, a fireplug figure with eyes of icy blue looking for the crack or bump that could cost a precious hundredth of a second. On the Cortina run last month, Monti won his fourth straight two-man world title by teaming with brakeman Renzo Alvera (who ekes out a living sweeping the local rink). In the four-man competition, Monti was back in third place on the final day when he laconically informed his crew that he was going for broke. Rocketing with controlled fury down the icy run, Monti gave his crew such a ride that they won the world championship by .21 sec. "All I ask is that my crew sit quiet," says Monti. "They can even close their eyes if they like."

Left out of the Olympics because not enough nations showed interest in their hell-bent sport, Monti and his fellow bobsledders gathered at Lake Placid, N.Y., to show what they could do. (Lake Placid's run is a vestige of the 1932 Winter Olympics, and the only run in North America.) As the new boy on the course, Monti dutifully made two trial runs from the halfway mark before the officials would turn him loose. Scorning the U.S.-style steering wheel, he handled the steering ropes with the sensitive, iron hands of a jockey, hit speeds close to 90 m.p.h. At the 180° Shady Corner curve, he swung high on his sheer wall, then dropped surely down to the narrow slotted straightaway to pick up precious speed. When the times were computed, Monti had won the National A.A.U. two-man championship. What was more, Monti's best time of 1:12 broke the course record by .6 sec.

Just to show it was no mistake, Monti six days later took the North American championship for two-man sled, this week came from behind to win the four-man sled title and set a new course record.

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THE PRESS

Test in Competition

On the witness stand a blonde prostitute listened attentively as defense counsel read smoky passages from love letters she had written to one of the two male defendants, both accused of white slavery. She listened no more attentively than the five Minneapolis *Tribune* newsmen ranged along reporters' row in Minneapolis' U.S. District Court. During the reading, the five reporters industriously scribbled notes. Then they hurried back to the paper, where each wrote his own story about the prostitute's day in court. Next morning the *Tribune* carried one of the stories—but only one.

The *Tribune's* mass coverage of the trial of a notorious Minneapolis hoodlum, Isadore ("Kid Cann") Blumenfeld, and his henchman Monte Perkins was City Editor Robert T. Smith's experimental answer to a problem that increasingly troubles U.S. newsmen: how to keep staffers at competitive pitch on papers without opposition (about 85% of the nation's 1,750 dailies now have no opposition).

How to Do It. Able, young (34) City Editor Smith, who holds as an article of faith that reporters do their best work under the spur of competition, decided to set up his own sort of rivalry on the *Tribune* (circ. 223,550), which has no opposition in the Minneapolis morning field. He assigned four fledgling reporters to cover the Kid Cann trial—along with one of the *Tribune's* top newsmen, veteran (ten years) Edward F. Magnuson, 34. Ordered Smith: "Don't compare notes. Pretend you each are the only reporter from the *Tribune* at the trial." The best story would be the one the *Tribune* carried next morning.

The results were gratifying. "On most papers," said Smith, "any one of the stories would have been acceptable." But there were detectable differences between the stories of the youngsters and that of Veteran Magnuson. For example, a lead paragraph by one of the younger reporters had to do with the trial's dulltest hours: "Eight government witnesses testified Thursday afternoon in the white slave trial of Isadore (Kid Cann) Blumenfeld and Monte Perkins as to hotel registrations of admitted prostitute Marilyn Tollefson."

How It Feels. Only Magnuson's lead explained the defense's purpose in reading the prostitute's love letters: "A blonde prostitute's testimony in the Isadore (Kid Cann) Blumenfeld white slavery case ended Thursday as the defense tried to show it was not just money that lured her across state lines." Only Magnuson's story limned in the feel of the courtroom ("its 50-foot-high walls faded and the paint peeling"); only his gave much dimension to the courtroom characters ("[Blumenfeld] crooked an elbow on the railing, leaned his head on his hand, wiped his face occasionally with a handkerchief"). And only Magnuson's story ran in the *Tribune*.

But even while losing, the younger reporters had gained by Editor Smith's experiment. They had had a lesson they could hardly have learned in any other way on a noncompetitive newspaper: how it feels to get beat on a story. Said one, after it was all over: "When I'm the only reporter covering a story, I'm never really sure—at least it's hard to convince myself—I've goofed. This kind of exercise saves me the painful task of convincing myself. I can easily see—and learn—what I've done wrong."

Boom on the School Beat

When voters in a Portland, Ore. suburb recently torpedoed a tax increase that would have provided more money for their schools, Superintendent of Schools Floyd Light knew just what the trouble was: Wilma Morrison, education editor of the union-struck Portland *Oregonian*,

students who work as paid education stringers.

In Chicago the *Sun-Times's* Education Editor Ruth Dunbar roves a beat that in recent years has encompassed Russia and the Far East, produced effective stories on the public-education systems in the Soviet Union, Korea and Japan. Helen Fleming, of the Chicago *Daily News*, writes with such telling effect on the local education scene that, after a series observing that the Chicago school system made only seven of 16 basic high-school courses compulsory, and questioning the latitude this left the student, the school board added four more courses to the compulsory list. In Los Angeles, as a public service, the *Examiner* each week distributes 114,000 copies of a current-events tabloid to 115 high schools. And Portland's Morrison, a tireless crusader for better schools, has helped get teachers' pay boosted, forced the Portland school board and the state board of higher education, which both used to hold closed-door meetings, to open



FERRER



DUNBAR



MORRISON

Less interested in the parquet floors.

had not been around to push for the measure. Said Light darkly: "Her being out definitely hurt us. The story was not brought before the public."

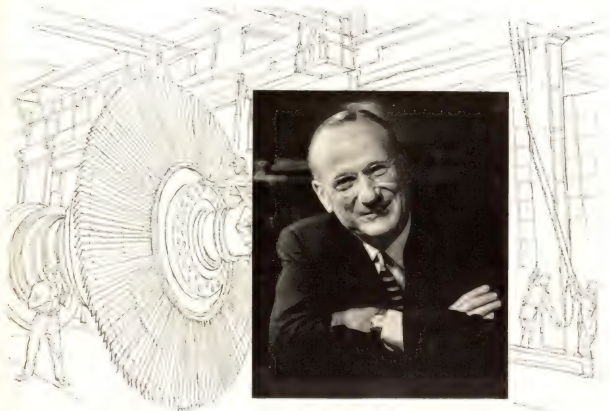
In crediting Editor Morrison with such influence, Light was pointing a finger at what may be the biggest boom in U.S. newspapers: education reporting, long neglected by the nation's daily press but now getting the benefit of better talent and more news space than ever before.

As one part of the new look in education coverage, the New York *Times* has three fulltime education reporters working under Education Editor Fred M. Hechinger, who last week landed three education stories on Page One (one morning last week, the *Times* devoted three inside pages to education news). The New York *Herald Tribune's* Terry Ferrer (sister of actor Mel Ferrer) has a staff of two, and last week the *Trib* gave full play to the beginning of her exhaustive, five-part study of U.S. colleges and universities. On the Minneapolis *Star*, the education beat is covered in depth: one man for higher education, another at the secondary and elementary level, still another staffer who keeps busy supervising the 35 high-school

up; in fact, the Portland board passed a resolution guaranteeing the press's right to cover all meetings.

Retiring the Hacks. It used to be that the journalist assigned to education ranked somewhere below the real estate editor and above the chief copy boy. When Benjamin Fine, who spent 17 years as the New York *Times* education editor before moving last year to the North American Newspaper Alliance, first hit the *Times* for a job, City Editor David H. Joseph told him there were no "reporting jobs" open—but took Fine on as an education writer. Recalls the New York *Herald Tribune's* Terry Ferrer: "In the early days, most of the papers used women who would be sent out on education stories when they weren't busy on society. A lot of stuff was passed off as education reporting when it really wasn't. I mean the pictures of college girls in tight sweaters and football helmets."

A pent-up postwar demand for new schools and new teachers generated a new public interest in public education—and forced newspapers to re-examine a neglected corner of the local scene. Inevitably, the hack writers began to disappear,



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TIME, FEBRUARY 29, 1960

and today's education reporter bears little resemblance to his predecessor. He knows his subject and often brings to it, as in the case of Ben Fine (who holds seven honorary and one earned doctorate degrees), actual experience in teaching. At an educators' conference several years ago, when one speaker tried to fob off some phony statistics on teacher-student ratios, the assembled reporters not only challenged them but were able to show where he was wrong.

The education reporter no longer looks at the schoolroom picture windows or handsome parquet floors shown off by proud principals; instead, he is interested in the teachers and the students. After the first Russian Sputnik restimulated interest in education in 1957, says Education Editor Richard Philbrick of the *Chicago Tribune*, there "was a sudden increase in interest in the curriculum and the scholastic standards. The newspapers merely reflected this change in emphasis."

Preparing for Problems. The new emphasis on interpretive reporting has earned both the respect and the gratitude of the educators themselves. Says Dr. Francis S. Chase, dean of the University of Chicago graduate school of education: "Education reporting is 100% better today than it was even five years ago. One of the important differences is that the papers tend to assign good people to education stories now."

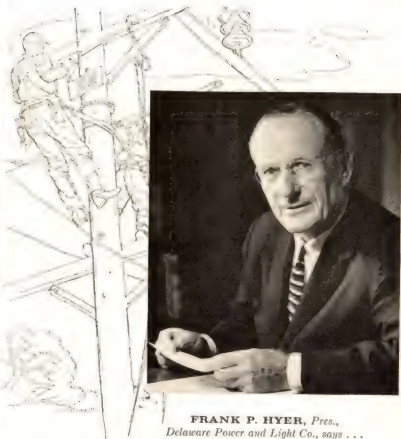
Perhaps the healthiest sign of progress is that the newspapers recognize the need for even more improvement in the field. "We're still moving too slowly and doing too inadequate a job," said Paul Swenson, managing editor of the *Minneapolis Star*, last week. "We have shown a willingness to expand manpower, devote more space and tackle the complex side—the philosophy rather than just the business—of education. But we're still not ready for the big problems of the 1960s." What seems certain, in the light of continuing improvements, is that the new breed of education reporter will get ready.

Brotherhood in Detroit

The imposing paunch that leads Walter W. Fuller wherever he goes is a badge of long and dedicated service performed by a man who has eaten as much Kiwanis, Optimist, Lion, Eagle, Elk and DeMolay creamed peas and ham as anyone else in Detroit. Fuller belongs to all those societies and, thanks to honorary memberships, many more. But bald, indefatigably gregarious Walter Fuller, 60, is more than a mere joiner; he is also the fraternal editor of the *Detroit News*.

For 28 years Fuller has worked at his unusual journalistic job, filling the *Sunday News's* fraternal page with items scarcely ever more exciting than organizational banquet fare, and hardly ever making Page One. But one Fuller story, a genuine exclusive about the Shrine, recently landed on the front page—and because of it, Shrine bigwigs last week indignantly invited Fuller to turn in his badge.

Nosing around his brothers in Detroit's



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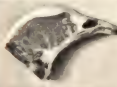
VITAMIN C: about as much as 4 ounces of tomato juice.



IRON: as much as 2 ounces of beef liver.



VITAMIN B₆: more than 5 carrots.



VITAMIN B₁ (thiamine): as much as 3 ounces of pork.



PROTEIN: more than an egg and 2 strips of bacon.



RIBOFLAVIN: more than 4 ounces of Cheddar cheese.



VITAMIN B₁₂: as much as an ounce of meat or fish.



VITAMIN D: as much as 2 glasses of vitamin D milk.



NIACIN: more than 3 ounces of beefsteak.

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The greatest concentration of nutrients ever offered in a single all-purpose food

NEW Kellogg's

CONCENTRATE

(The ready-to-serve nutrition "booster")



Here is a new kind of all-purpose food that is high in the nutrients essential to balanced diet, and suitable for daily use by persons of all ages. New Kellogg's Concentrate is a delicious-tasting, ready-to-serve food in tiny flake form that contains 40% high-quality protein, plus many important vitamins and minerals. One ounce gives you the nutritive values indicated, in all of the fine foods you see pictured above. Yet it is low

in calories—practically fat-free.

Served as a cereal, it is a satisfying food in itself. But even more unique is its ability to enhance the flavor and nutritive values of other foods. For instance, Kellogg's Concentrate may be sprinkled on fruits, vegetables, salads, ice cream, or other cereals. Or, it can be used as an ingredient in stuffings, toppings, casseroles, breads and pastries.

For more nutritious meals and a better balanced diet, serve Kellogg's Concentrate. Look for it in the cereal section of your grocery store.



KELLOGG'S OF BATTLE CREEK



Detroit News

PAST POTENTATE FULLER Wounded in the house of friends.

Moslem Temple last January. Fuller, himself a past Potentate, picked up a hot fraternal tip: by decree of the Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shrine of North America, two Detroit officers, illustrious Potentate Herbert E. Payne Jr. and Chief Rabban J. Murray Brown, had been suspended for unfraternal conduct. By Shrine standards, their sins were grievous: Payne had "mishandled a recent Temple business session"; and Brown had allowed "unauthorized persons to sign contracts for the annual Shrine circus" in Detroit.

Some Detroit Shriners turned out to be less outraged at such peccadilloes than at the man who got them in the newspaper: Walter Fuller. And before long, from the throne in Lincoln, Neb., Imperial Potentate Clayton F. Andrews delivered an imperial decree, charging Fuller with "conduct unbecoming a Noble." Andrews commanded Newman Fuller to "show cause why you should not be disciplined or suspended as a Noble of the Mystic Shrine."

Journalist Fuller manfully stuck to his guns. "My first duty," he said, "is to the News." But he was hurt and perplexed. Under the heading "They Wounded a Friend," he pointed out in his column that "February is Brotherhood Month." Continued Fuller: "What is this thing called brotherhood, indeed? Whatever has become of the 'do unto others' bit? All I can say, following accusations against me, is that 'My head is bloody but unbowed.' Then, as a quote for MY day, let me turn to Zechariah 13:6 with this: 'I was wounded in the house of my friends.'"

As for the News itself, Editor Martin S. Hayden, no Shriner, coolly advised the Shrine to stay out of his newsroom. Fraternal Editor Fuller, said Hayden, was "appointed to that position without prior consultation with the Imperial Potentate of the Shrine, and he will remain in that capacity regardless of imperial edict." In brief, the Shrine could go soak its feet.

REPORT CARD

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Now, after you've peeked and probed to your heart's content, take this eager Chrysler out on the road. Take it uphill and down. Around a turn. Onto the straightaway. Then see if you're happy with anything else in the four-wheeled world.

1960 CHRYSLER ... the lion-hearted



THE CAR OF YOUR LIFE FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!

the urge to **communicate**

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But the means of communication have come a long way from the rock-walled cave. Today, all the world's business is tied together in a tight network of on-paper communication. Our job is to supply the paper that makes business-at-a-profit possible—and we do it a little better, every day. Fine paper rolls endlessly out of our mills, conditioned to help in building businesses bigger and making them more profitable, by broadening and sharpening their lines of communication

The people in our forests, laboratories, and mills enjoy a strong belief in their individual value as producers—a sense of pride that permits them to tell you, "There are no finer papers available today; tomorrow they will be even better."



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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

Creative Advertising

The most time-discounted custom on Broadway is the advertising trick of lifting words and phrases out of context from critical reviews, thereby changing negatives to positives, pans to raves. Last week a half-page splash in the New York Times heralded Albert Camus' early (1938) play, *Caligula*, which had just opened for the first time on Broadway (see THEATER). The major daily critics stood 5-2 against the play with various qualifications, including praise for the cast. But by careful selection, the ad performed wonders of verbal alchemy. Samples:

"Want to think? See 'Caligula.' Stunningly set and magnificently costumed, it is acted to the hilt by Kenneth Haigh and a vast army of Romans."

—Chapman, *News*

The "Want to think?" line had been composed by a heady headline writer, not Chapman, who dismissed the play as a "portentous charade . . . an oppressively pretentious drama."

"Satanically majestic. Continually stirs interest."

—Kerr, *Herald Tribune*

In context, the sentence read: "A satanically majestic experiment in living, *Caligula* continually stirs interest and then finds its temperature falling." And Walter Kerr also wrote: "The evening scenes like the four whirling wheels of a high-powered automobile racing immobile on ice . . . Scene by scene, the footfall is familiar, the measured tread monotonous."

"Lurid theatrical excitement. A portrait of a sadistic monster. A fascinating play."

—Watts, *Post*

Richard Watts Jr.'s unexpurgated judgment: "*Caligula* seems to me at the same time a fascinating play and a failure."

A towering production. The cast is spectacular, Kenneth Haigh—brilliant."

—McClain, *Journal-American*

But John McClain had not enjoyed himself as much as all that. "I couldn't divorce myself from the fact that I was spending too much time with an idiot boy," he wrote. The play had been little more than "an overextension of a quite small idea."

The practice of turning reviewers inside out is hardly exclusive to Broadway. Last week in London, the *Daily Telegraph's* exacting critic, W. A. Darlington, fumed over a sign outside the Strand Theater quoting him as urging the public: BY ALL MEANS GO AND SEE THIS PLAY. "If triviality is what you happen to be wanting," Darlington had actually written of *The More the Merrier*, "by all means go and see this play."



TV TALKER BUD BIRDIE & ANNOUNCER
Because it is better than par.

TELEVISION

The Trials of Birdie

"Why do I do this every night?" wailed the TV star in despair. "I can't sing. I can't dance. I can't act . . . Quit? How? I can't help being a star!"

Readers of the sentimental, stylishly drawn comic strip, *On Stage* (Chicago Tribune-New York News syndicate), thought they recognized its new character, a late-night TV talker named Bud Birdie. The readers were right. From the top of his toupee to the tips of his well-bitten fingernails, Birdie was a reasonable facsimile of Jack Paar. And although Birdie's troubles were planned and drawn more than three months ago, his first appearance last week happened to be timed perfectly. Just as Birdie announced that he could not quit, so did "Weeping Jack" Paar.

After the Paar walkout that was heard round the world (TIME, Feb. 22), things looked bad for a while. General David Sarnoff, jeered the *Herald Tribune's* Columnist Art Buchwald, had ordered "NBC's First Territorial Lawyers' Brigade to surround Paar's house and dig in. All leaves of the Fourth Airborne Public Relations Division were canceled, and every vice presi-

dent under the age of 70 was mobilized and armed with statements."

Then Jack finally decided to take a vacation in Hawaii and Hong Kong—but for some reason, he went by way of Florida. Somehow, he happened to land in West Palm Beach, a quick Cadillac ride from Boca Raton, where NBC brass happened to be attending a meeting with network affiliates. Quite naturally, when NBC Bosses Bob Sarnoff and Bob Kintner learned of Paar's arrival, they dropped everything and motored up the highway to greet him. The meeting was brief. Paar handed his visitors a letter apologizing for his walkout and promising to live up to his contract. Both Bobs read it and agreed that Jack could take his unscheduled vacation and come home on March 7. After just five days, the great Paar rebellion was over. From Miami to Manhattan the troops began to disband.

Whatever happens when he returns, now that he has achieved the ultimate and made the funnies, it will be tough for Paar to top himself. But Bud Birdie (so named because a birdie is better than par) may do it. In future installments of *On Stage*, Cartoonist Leonard Starr has his nice but emotional hero ("I'm fighting the elements now!") plagued by offstage intrigue, and trying to figure out which of his official family is leaking unkind gossip to the columnists. Is it the lovable hayseed comedian, Tex McPrairie? Is it the suave announcer? Will Bud ever find out? And if so, will he tell Jack?

Giant Killer

Hidden behind locked doors in the CBS program department, so the Madison Avenue legend runs, there is a large bulletin board plastered with the names of next season's shows. Only the network brass—the high-priced officers known as "Dr. Stanton's Book of the Month Club"—are privy to the board's high secrets. Every night the names are scrambled and a canvas curtain is drawn to make doubly sure that spying charwomen will learn nothing they can leak to NBC. Still the dope gets around. Last fall, for instance, the grapevine had it that Garry Moore was coming down. How could his relaxed variety show compete in the same time slot with NBC's highly touted *Ford Starline*?

Last week it was no secret that the word was changed. Moore was posted firmly in place on next season's schedule. His *Garry Moore Show* has clobbered *Starline* in the ratings. "I've been given credit



TV COMICS MOORE & BENNY
Because another fell off its own weight.



A report from Continental—most experienced jetline in the West!

80% OF THE SERVICE WE OFFER IS ON JET-POWERED PLANES!

Actually, it's a little over 80%. What makes this figure so remarkable is that it's the highest percentage of jet-power service of all domestic airlines.

It started back in 1958 when Continental pioneered jet-power travel in the West. The plane was the Jet Power Viscount II. Within a year they were serving 24 cities along our routes.

In 1959, Continental introduced its own custom-built version of the famous Boeing 707—first of the pure jet

transports. Today these Golden Jet 707s offer more pure jet flights between Chicago and Los Angeles than any other airline—serve Kansas City, too—and provide the only pure jet service to Denver.

That's why now in 1960, using the most famous of the jet-prop planes and the first of the jets—over 8 out of every 10 seat-miles we fly are with jet-powered planes. Next time, treat yourself to a trip on the most experienced jetline in the West. Fly Continental.





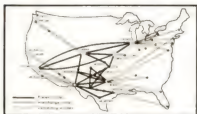
FLY CONTINENTAL'S GOLDEN JET

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If you live in DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, DAYTON, MIAMI, BUFFALO, ATLANTA, or any other city east of Chicago: simply order your tickets from the airline of your choice. Tell the reservation agent you want to ride Continental's Golden Jet from Chicago west. You may also contact your local Travel Agent.



for being a giant killer," says Moore. "but I didn't push Ford. It just fell. There just aren't enough stars around to be able to produce one great, brand-new show after another for 39 weeks."

Match for Muscle. Even if he had wanted to, says Moore, he could never have matched *Startime's* muscle: "A show that's too pretentious just isn't my style." With his relatively low budget (\$107,500 a show) and his low-pressure approach, Moore reasoned that he could not depend on big names. Now his crew of regulars includes Announcer Durward Kirby, flutery Marion Lorne, Allen Funt, with his candid camera, and Singer Carol (*Once Upon a Mattress*) Burnett, whom Moore considers "the one major comedy talent among girls to come along in the last ten years."

There is also a list of about 35 "semi-regular" guests. This week the visitors were Jack Benny and Diahann Carroll, but it was crew-cut Garry Moore, as usual, who clinched the show. Whether he was acting "a nice Arthur Godfrey," a wide-awake Perry Como, or the aging kid next door, Moore's casual, easy humor made everything come off—from a far-out science-fiction skit to a split-second gag.

Nothing to Lose. Moore's low-pressure approach may be the product of grinding backstage work with Producer Bob Banner and Chief Writer Vincent Bogart, but the end result is still the man himself. He is always the skimpy (5 ft. 6½ in.), easy-going guy who has been working at the trade of entertaining ever since high school, when his name was Thomas Garrison Morfit and he was writing a musical comedy back in Baltimore, almost 30 years ago. Even then Garry was such an accomplished gagman that a fan named F. Scott Fitzgerald came backstage and solicited his collaboration on a revue. "I was flunking high school anyway," says Moore, "so I had nothing to lose. I saw a chance to jump 16 steps in one leap."

Unhappily, the team fell apart before Tom Morfit had a chance to jump. "I didn't know Scott was a great writer," Moore remembers now. "To me he was just a drunk. I'd show up at 7 o'clock, and he'd already be three-quarters in the bag." One night when Fitzgerald's well-oiled enthusiasm moved him to chase Moore's sister around the room, the collaboration ended for good.

Writing for radio kept Moore going a while; then there was a five-year stint as a straight man with Jimmy Durante. Always Garry considered himself a stand-up comic. But by 1949, when he started the *Garry Moore Show* on CBS Radio, he had learned that he got a bigger response simply by playing himself. In 1950 he moved to daytime TV, now not only has his prime-time evening spot, but is also majority owner of his other show, *I've Got a Secret*. He has the time and the cash to live as he likes—as a middle-aged (45) suburbanite with eight sponsors, a 3½ ft. sloop, a slowly thickening belt line, and a weekend habit of lounging in bed until his wife cracks: "Why don't you get up and exercise your toes at least?"

Novels into Plays

Two above-average novels made two far-above-average TV plays last week:

¶ **A. J. Cronin's *The Citadel*** (ABC) was superbly acted by James Donald and Hugh Griffith, retelling the story of an English physician whose Hippocratic beginnings disappear in a hypocritical practice on London's fashionable Harley Street. If the play suffered from an excess of blood sugar, Dr. Cronin's professional authenticity more than compensated. No one could write *Medic* so well.

¶ **Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*** was the *Show of the Month* (CBS), skillfully adapted and powerfully acted. With angular hulkiness, Sterling Hayden as Ethan, the Yankee farmer, all but invented a cubist style of acting. Caught in a nightmare marriage with a termagant hypo-



HARRIS & HAYDEN IN "ETHAN FROME"
The shock came after the wreck.

chondriac (Clarice Blackburn), he falls in love with her winsome young cousin (Julie Harris). In the end, the lovers decide on suicide—downhill on a toboggan, crashing into a thick-trunked elm. Viewers who had not read *Ethan Frome* then got one of the most abrupt shocks ever delivered by television: Julie Harris, seen years later as a survivor of the wreck, her voice shrill, her disintegrated mind making her more shrewish than the wife ever was, and her unweathered face a makeup man's achievement of scarred disfiguration.

MOVIES ABROAD

Something to Tell

Two foreign films last week were embroiled in sizzling moral controversy—not in the supposedly Puritan-minded U.S., but on their own home ground.

¶ ***Jungfrukullan*** (The Virgin Spring), latest film by Sweden's brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar (The Magician) Bergman, begins with the shockingly explicit

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rape and murder of a young girl by two goatherds. Two vengeful murders later, the goatherds are also dead on the screen, butchered by the girl's father. More than a dozen people at the first-showing fled the Stockholm theater before the brilliantly acted movie was finished. Some newspaper critics suggested that the state censor had spared the scissors only because of Bergman's great reputation. "Bergman's best," wrote the critic for *Dagens Nyheter*, Sweden's largest daily. As for Director Bergman, he pointed out calmly that the movie is based on a 9th century Provençal ballad, and the fact that a spring gushes from the ground where the young girl has been slain is symbolic of



BERGMAN'S GIRL & GOATHERD
More than a dozen fled.

God's pity for all. "After all," said Bergman, "the ballad answers its own questions. It has something to tell me and gives me courage."

¶ *La Dolce Vita* (The Sweet Life). Italian Director Federico Fellini's intimate report on Roman high society, moved a first-night audience to boos, hisses and cries of "Shame!" Fellini presented whores, pervers and nymphomaniacs of amateur standing. Impromptu orgies in Roman villas. Actress Anita Ekberg dunking in the Fountain of Trevi—scene after scene added up to a movie that seemed to have no time to do more than record the sins it was recounting. One spectator spat on Fellini. A Roman nobleman challenged him to a duel. The conservative Vatican City daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*, demanded that authorities act to "protect public morals." But Communist *L'Unità* hailed *Dolce Vita* for unmasking a "corrupt society." Moved by one viewpoint or the other, so many fans flocked to Fellini's new production that it has already grossed more than \$500,000—a singular financial success for the man who 14 years ago earned \$16 for writing a script for Roberto Rossellini's prize-winning *Open City*.



New PV 444 two-door sedan

VOLVO economy does not mean compromise

Volvo demonstrates that the true "economy" car can reflect quality *without* compromise—in pride of ownership, comfort, safety, and the dependability that assures worry-free driving. Volvo is really the *complete* car: It comfortably seats five passengers, delivers 30 miles to the gallon, and yet provides as standard equipment many features which other automobile manufacturers call "optional." Why compromise? Let your dealer demonstrate that "economy" can mean quality.

*Sold and serviced by 350 dealers coast-to-coast.
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DOCTOR OF TOMORROW





You get no pity in "the pit"

This is the school of decision. This is "The Pit" where each young doctor-in-the-making must stand alone and "present a patient" to faculty and fellow students.

At every step, as he gives the patient's chief complaint, present illness, past history, habits . . . and most of all as he explains his own diagnosis and recommended treatment . . . he faces a bombardment of questions from the tiers of shadowy figures that rise above him.

If there is oversight, fuzzy thinking or indecisiveness, those probing questions will find it out. There's no pity for him in "The Pit." For this ordeal is a pre-taste of the lonely decisions he must make all his life . . . a vital part of the long, tough years of study and training that fit him to serve you.

The same pitiless probing marks every step in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research . . . questioning of experimental premises, procedures, data, conclusions. For only on the most conclusive evidence can we base the better medicines to aid your doctors of today and your doctors of tomorrow.

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The **Honeywell Round** is the first step to greater comfort and better learning in schools. School administrators have found a direct correlation between temperature control and take-home learning. They realize that even the finest heating and air conditioning systems are only as effective as their controls.

Thus the pneumatic Honeywell Round on each classroom wall—in ever-increasing numbers. Notice too, how many motels, hotels, offices and hospitals now install Honeywell controls. Not surprising, for these instruments include the most advanced features in Honeywell's 75 years of leadership.

Honeywell



First in Control

SINCE 1885

MISCELLANY

On Ice. In Bristol, England, Barbara Rogers, 19, newly elected Temperance Queen of Bristol, returned her crown and robes, admitted: "I had my first drink at a Christmas party, and since then I have had alcohol several times."

Scenic Wonders. In Cavite province, the Philippines, officials posted on billboards huge blowups of 50 of their most wanted criminals, on second thought took them all down for fear they might scare off tourists.

Exchange Program. In Laramie, Wyo., when University of Wyoming Student Mrs. Bonny Rininger asked for a baby sitter so that she could take her final exam, her professor obliged, minded the baby while mother scored 93 on the exam.

Over Their Heads. In Rockdale, Australia, aldermen who met to discuss a complaint against the noise and low altitude of jets were forced to adjourn five times in two hours while jets passed over and drowned out their discussion.

Epithalamium. In London, Susan Stranks arrived ten minutes late for her wedding to Robin Ray, explained breathlessly: "I was so nervous, I had to have a brandy and a ham sandwich."

Pressed. In Vassar, Mich., the Tuscola County *Pioneer-Times* ran a classified ad: "Dry cleaning for delivery yesterday must be received by noon tomorrow at Clark's Cleaners."

Running Up a Bill. In Hyattstown, Md., after learning that someone had shot his ducks and carried them off, Farmer Harold Weisburg phoned police and the local newspaper to give the thieves a recipe for cooking them properly.

Reaching a Verdict. In Winston-Salem, N.C., a woman juror stalked out of the jury room, snatched her scarf and handbag, told Judge Robert Gambrell: "There was so much talking, fussing and carrying on that I've had all I want of it."

Scratching the Surface. In Minneapolis, Municipal Judge Tom Bergin and Patrolman Robert Lyons collided in their cars on their way to a police school on traffic safety.

The Wrong Vein. In Tulsa, Okla., the Red Cross dismantled a billboard showing Mayor James L. Maxwell donating blood, with the caption: "Maxwell—Good to the Last Drop."

Market Survey. In Detroit, sentenced to 30 days in jail for stealing a \$5 rock-'n'-roll disk from a record shop, Earl Fearson explained: "I lifted a classical record from that same shop a couple of days ago. But I couldn't sell it on Skid Row. Everybody wanted rock 'n' roll."



Bob Turnquist, of Morristown, N. J., one of the country's leading classic car experts, owns eight classic Packards, including the 1928 Phaeton shown here. The motor oil he always specifies is Quaker State.

"My classic Packard stays young as ever with Quaker State and so does my new car." Quaker State, refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude oil, the world's finest, is an investment in engine protection. Best for old cars, new cars—city cars, country cars! Available almost everywhere. Always ask for it by name. It's the finest motor oil your money can buy.



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1900 for Denver Dry Goods Co.



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60 years in a quick review of White's



First—This WHITE 3000, with exclusive power-tilt cab-over-engine design, was introduced in 1949.



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1900—1960 White's 60 years of leadership is based on a continued closeness to the needs of America's truck operators. We're already building the trucks their expanding future will require! The White Motor Company, Cleveland 1, Ohio.



First — The next 20 years included left-hand drive, double-reduction rear axle, hydraulic brakes—all WHITE "firsts."



First — In the 1930's, WHITE's "super power" concept provided the first true, high-speed truck engine.

60 seconds

Leadership in Heavy-Duty Trucks



First—Today, this revolutionary WHITE 5000 "tractor of tomorrow" has 50" fiberglass tilt-cab.



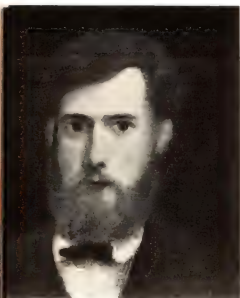
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WORLD LEADER IN HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS

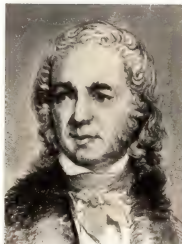


60 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP

WHITE



RYDER (SELF-PORTRAIT)



WASHINGTON ALLSTON



JOHN LA FARGE

Romantics at Milwaukee

All the way from John Singleton Copley to Edward Hopper, realism seems the keynote of American art, and romanticism remains underrated. With the single exception of Albert Pinkham Ryder, the American romanticists have never achieved the fame of their realist contemporaries. To collect and cherish such little-known artists takes courage and personal conviction. Next week the collection of a man who has both goes on view at the Milwaukee Art Center, demonstrates some of the good things that Americans have yet to discover in their own heritage. The 125 canvases, roughly half the collection of Detroit Businessman Larry Fleischman, reflect a warmly romantic taste, and uncompromising standards too. Among them

The Uncanny Badger is a strange picture by John La Farge, a mural painter and stained-glass designer of renown who worked mostly in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. It was inspired by a trip to Japan with his famed friend, Historian-Biographer Henry Adams. In a note scribbled on the picture's back La Farge wrote: "With the Japanese, the badger is uncanny. He misleads and deceives by many tricks, and takes wayfarers out of the way. Thus, he calls at a distance by beating a tattoo on his swollen abdomen. The noise, as I have heard it, is not unlike the muffled roar of the waterfall near by." Though painted in Japan, La Farge's deep purple glade reflects a typically American feeling for nature as something both seductive and fearful.

The Devil and Tom Walker,* by John Quidor, shows the same ambivalence, per-

haps drawn from the well-pruned splendor of English romantic poetry on the one hand and the wild reality of the American wilderness on the other. An illustrator of genius, Quidor was a friend and admirer of Washington Irving, and his best paintings are based on incidents from Irving's tales. But he found few customers, painted decorative designs on fire engines for a living.

The Evening Hymn, done in 1833, was Washington Allston's personal hymn to Italy, where he had spent happy years as a student. The mature Allston wasted most of his talent on huge Biblical canvases hopelessly designed to shake the world, e.g., his unfinished *Belshazzar's Feast*. Trapped in the cheerful, chilly Boston of the transcendentalists, the well-springs of his art running dry, he looked back longingly to the Mediterranean world

that he had always been too much of a Puritan to grasp.

John Sloan, who is usually tagged as a leading practitioner of the Ashcan School, was on vacation from realism in *Picnic on the Ridge*. On a glorious night near Santa Fe, a group of artists gathers round a picnic fire. Sloan himself is in profile, holding a coffee cup. His wife kneels just behind him. He summered in Santa Fe, but Sloan worked in Greenwich Village and became a sort of guardian spirit of its artists. Once, from the top of Washington Square Arch, he went so far as to proclaim the Village an independent republic.

World War II, oddly enough, turned Collector Fleischman to art. A tech sergeant in the 301st Infantry, he fought at Lorient, later found himself detailed to Grave Registration, identifying bodies, notifying next of kin, etc. This, he explains, "brought me into touch with people speculating on the meaning of war and searching for what is true and enduring. Inevitably this led to a discussion of art. Art is the most personal, intimate experience a man can have. It's entirely between the artist and you. There is no conductor, no musician, no actor, nobody to interpret the experience for you."

At 35, Fleischman divides his working day among half a dozen enterprises, from carpet stores to hotels to Broadway productions, devotes his evenings and weekends to art. One of his proudest acquisitions is a painting by Ryder, the greatest romantic of them all—a self-portrait painted about the age of 43 (see cut). Parts of his collection have been shown in 15 countries, and Fleischman himself generally goes along to lecture. In his native Detroit, he is a sparkplug of Archives of American Art, an institution set up to gather artists' letters, recorded interviews and other research material. "Outside our immediate family," Fleischman says, with a fond glance at his wife, "art is the most important thing in our lives."



BARBARA & LARRY FLEISCHMAN

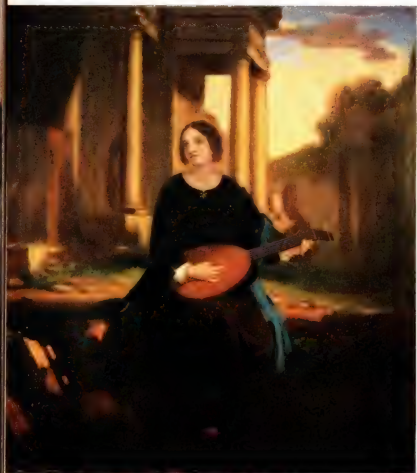
* In Washington Irving's tale, Tom Walker, Yankee miser, accidentally kicks up a skull in the woods and is administered to a guardian devil named Old Scratch. His wife loses body and soul to Old Scratch, but wily Tom sells his soul only, and for hard cash "Lend me the money," the devil suggests, "at 2% a month." "Egad," replies Tom, "I'll charge 4%."



JOHN LA FARGE'S "THE UNCANNY BADGER" (1897)

JOHN QUIDOR'S "THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER" (1856)





WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S "THE EVENING HYMN" (1835)



JOHN SLOAN'S "PICNIC ON THE RIDGE" (1926)





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RELIGION

Rules for a Dialogue

As far as anyone could remember, it had never happened before: the same article was published simultaneously in the Protestant weekly *Christian Century* and the Roman Catholic weekly *Commonweal*. Appropriately, the article concerned better interfaith understanding. To further that cause, Presbyterian Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, professor of systematic theol-



G. M. Cowie

THEOLOGIAN BROWN
Talking for the love of God.

ogy at Manhattan's nondenominational Union Theological Seminary, undertook to set up "half a dozen ground rules" for conducting the growing "dialogue" between Catholics and Protestants.

Rule No. 1: Each partner must believe that the other is speaking in good faith. This, Theologian Brown points out, is not based simply on civilized behavior, but on the fact that both parties are "servants of Jesus Christ." This "makes us brethren. Some of my Protestant friends feel that there is an attitude of condescension in the Catholic description of Protestants as 'separated brethren.' I do not share this feeling. I think the phrase an excellent one, for it describes exactly what we are."

Rule No. 2: Each partner must have a clear understanding of his own faith. Protestants will have more difficulty with this stipulation than Catholics, suggests Presbyterian Brown, partly because Protestantism is less dogmatic and partly "because of a longstanding and baleful American tendency to equate the Protestant faith with 'what I find appealing.'" This will mean "some strenuous intramural debate" in Protestantism.

Rule No. 3: Each partner must strive for a clear understanding of the faith of the other. This involves two corollaries: first, willingness to interpret the other

faith in the most favorable light ("There are plenty of sins to be exploited on both sides. Those who want to exploit them can have a field day"), and second, willingness to revise one's views. "It is really rather comfortable for a Protestant to believe that the Roman version of the formula 'Outside the church there is no salvation' is the precise equivalent of saying 'All non-Catholics go to hell,' for this makes it easy for the Protestant to use words like 'intolerance,' 'bigot,' and 'spiritual pride.' But if he thinks that that is the actual teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, the process of dialogue will let him in for some real surprises, and he will have to change his tune." Similarly, it may be disconcerting to some Roman Catholics to find "Protestants who live under the corporate discipline of the Word of God, who believe expressly that they must live in utter subjection to that Word and who believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the sacrament—to say nothing of affirming their own interpretation of the Catholic belief that 'outside the church there is no salvation.'"

Rule No. 4: Each partner must accept responsibility in humility and penitence for what his group has done, and is doing, to foster and perpetuate division. "Many Roman Catholics today are saying that the perpetuation of the divisions of Christendom is not simply due to Protestant wrongheadedness, but also due to the wrong kind of Catholic intransigence. Protestants should acknowledge that for centuries the Protestant tendency was to divide Christendom . . . and that if the ecumenical movement is revising this trend, it is still building on the wreckage of three centuries."

Rule No. 5: Each partner must forthrightly face the issues which cause separation as well as those which create unity. A false sense of Christian charity must not gloss over points of difference that cannot be reconciled. "There is no halfway house, for example, between believing a) that the pope is infallible, and b) that the pope is not infallible. Not even the combined genius of Catholic and Protestant theology could produce a satisfactory middle term. There is no such thing as being 'a little bit infallible.'"

Rule No. 6: Each partner must recognize that all that can be done with the dialogue is to offer it up to God. Ultimate unity may be the hope, but Christians must not be too set on how this unity should come about. "If in typical American fashion we are immediately impatient for 'results,' we will simply have to learn something about the patience of God—or we will try his patience yet further . . . No Christian is entitled to believe only in what is humanly possible. We have to affirm—and really mean it—that 'with men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible.' And this is why the dialogue is important; not because we know what will come of it, but precisely because we do not know what may come of it. . . ."

By the Living Water

At dawn one morning last week, while most of Baghdad was still asleep, 55-year-old Abdul Rahman, a silversmith, padded down to the Tigris and squatted on the eastern bank. Covering his head with his *kuffiyeh*, he recited the prayer: "In the name of the Great Life, healing and purity are thine, my Father, their Father, Great Yarden of living water." Then he began his ablutions. First he washed his hands and face; and cleaned out his ears, snuffed water from his cupped palm into his nostrils three times, washed his loins, bathed his knees and legs three times, dabbed all ten fingers in the river, and finished by dipping his right foot twice and his left foot once.

Then Abdul Rahman turned to face the day with gladness, for it was Qam Arya, a lucky month for the people of his sect, the Mandaans. It was also the beginning of summer, for the Mandaans have never corrected their twelve-month calendar through the centuries, and their seasons have lost track of the sun.

Underground for Survival. The Mandaans, markedly taller and fairer than the swarthy Arabs of Iraq, sometimes identify themselves in their broken English as "John Baptist Christians." But the suggestion that they are some kind of primitive Christian sect with a special reverence for John the Baptist is false—and deliberately so. The Mandaans are neither Muslims, nor Jews, nor Christians. They regard John the Baptist as a major prophet, but look upon Jesus as a heretic who distorted the true Word.

They have long been known in the Middle Eastern world—the Koran lists them



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with the Christians and Jews as worthy of special consideration. And they have survived the bloody centuries partly because of their exclusive faith and their horror of conflict, partly by going underground. "If persecuted," instructs a Mandaeen text, "say, 'We belong to you.' But do not confess him in your hearts, or deny the voice of your Master, the high King of Light."

The Christian Demons. Together with the King of Light, the Mandaeans worship the Great Life, which takes the form of the "living water" or *yordna*—water flowing in a natural stream. As John baptized in the River Jordan, so the Mandaeans baptize by total immersion, and almost invariably live beside the banks of streams. They accuse the baptized Jesus of heresy for teaching that baptism may be performed with water that is not flowing. Nonetheless, they anticipate his return to destroy all religions except the Mandaean.

These pre-Christian Baptists are all but extinct today; barely 5,000 of them live on in Iraq, and in each generation there are fewer and fewer priests who can become bishops. Reason: a new prelate traditionally should be consecrated in the presence of a dying man who is to carry the bishop's words to paradise.

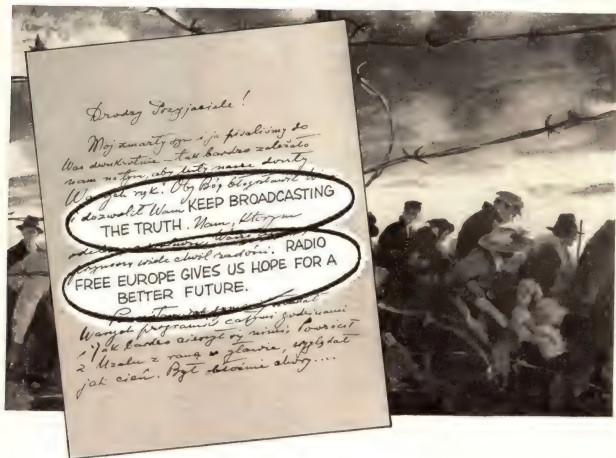
For the present, the Mandaeans do their best to perform their daily water rituals and to exorcise evil spirits. Mandaean demons are bad enough, but Moslem or Christian ones are worse. If after an exorcism, an evil spirit departs on time he is known for a Mandaean—but if he hangs on after the limit, he is probably Moslem or Christian, and the possessed victim is in for a rough time.

Chinese Rallying Point

In Rome last week for an audience with Pope John, frail, pale Thomas Cardinal Tien Ken-sin, 69, was halfway to a new assignment—his first since 1948. In that year, as the Chinese Reds were advancing against the Nationalists, Chinese Cardinal Tien, suffering from a heart ailment, left Peking for Shanghai and then for a long recuperation in the still peaceful British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. After China fell to the Communists, the cardinal retired to a seminary of his congregation, the missionary Society of the Divine Word, near Chicago.

No assignment came from Pope Pius XII, who was said to be irked that the cardinal had left his post. But John XXIII, deeply concerned over the Chinese Communists' efforts to establish a tame "national" Catholic Church in schism from Rome, felt that Cardinal Tien could serve on Formosa as a rallying point for Asian Catholicism and as a symbol of papal interest in the Far East. He installed him as apostolic administrator in Formosa, which now has 200,000 Catholics (up from 12,000 in the past ten years).

"I didn't go back before to avoid increasing the Communist persecution of the mainland priests," said Cardinal Tien last week. "But now the situation could not be worse, and perhaps my return will give the Catholics moral encouragement."



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EDUCATION

Thrifty Trainman

"Whatever your income, save some of it," said lean, frugal Charles E. Stillings, 81. It seemed a nice homily from an old retired railroadman who lives in a shabby hotel room overlooking the New Haven train tracks at Stamford, Conn. His own income, during all his years as foreman of the New Haven Railroad's power plant at nearby Cos Cob, never reached \$100 a week. But laconic Bachelor Stillings practiced just what he preached. He put most of his savings in blue chip common stocks—and held on.

After he retired in 1948, Stillings' hotel room grew more cluttered with company reports and market letters. Every so often he rode to New York on his lifetime train pass to visit his broker; sometimes he traveled all the way to Florida to look at real estate. And ten years ago the University of New Hampshire, where Stillings graduated in 1900, got an idea of what the old alumnus was up to. He gave the university a small scholarship fund of \$200 a year for one student "of good scholastic ability, sound character and unquestioned loyalty to the U.S."

Last week, the university announced with awe, Stillings came through again. This time the scholarship fund was slightly bigger—\$228,000, the largest gift ever received from a New Hampshire alumnus. That was not all. Investor Stillings, whose first job paid him \$7.60 a week, is now possibly worth \$500,000, and at his death, virtually all of it will go to his alma mater. His purpose: to leave a memorial to his farmer father, who helped him through the university at great sacrifice. Said Son Stillings: "I want to help those poor guys who can't go to college, and give them a chance in life."



Dick Merritt

PHILANTHROPIST STILLINGS
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Boom in Gifts

If the annual cost of U.S. higher education hits an expected \$9 billion by 1970, voluntary support must soar to \$1.9 billion a year. Yet this gift goal is no mirage. In its third biennial survey, the Council for Financial Aid to Education reported this week that 1,071 colleges and universities in 1958-59 received gifts totaling \$751.4 million, a 20.7% hike over 1956-57. The pattern of giving was especially interesting. Loyal alumni were the biggest source (20.3%), and even the graduates of tax-supported state universities gave more than ever before: Indiana alumni gave \$2,032,435, followed by the University of Michigan with \$1,418,127. Equally significant was a sharp rise in non-alumni individual donations (17.2% of the total), which became the second biggest source of gifts. Perhaps most important, 26% of all the money was given with no strings attached, the kind of gift that educators prefer. Best evidence of a steady increase: the 517 schools taking part in all three of the council's surveys since 1954 reported a gain in gifts of 94%.

Down with Altruism

Against tough competition, a square, greying woman stepped to the stage in the Yale Law School auditorium one night last week. In the hockey rink there was a lively game with Brown University; in Woolsey Hall there was a concert by the New Haven Symphony Orchestra. Elsewhere on the campus there were three other guest orators, including Roman Catholic Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, who drew a full house at Yale Divinity School. But the opposition hardly fazed Novelist Ayn Rand, 55 (*The Fountainhead*, *Atlas Shrugged*), who considers herself the "most creative" philosopher alive today. Her 600 listeners made the biggest audience ever drawn by Challenge, a bustling undergraduate group that aims to tingle Valerians* with prickly ideas. Polemicist Rand delivered as advertised.

"If you want me to name in one sentence what is wrong with the modern world," began Russian-born Author Rand in her still noticeable accent. "I will say that never before has the world been clamoring so desperately for answers to crucial problems—and never before has the world been so frantically committed to the belief that no answers are possible. To paraphrase the Bible, the modern attitude is: 'Forgive me Father, for I know not what I'm doing—and please don't tell me.'"

Spiritualized Cash. Author Rand will not let the world get off that easily. Already she has hurled more than 1,000,000 words in two hectoring novels at what she considers the root illness of man—the tyr-



Alfred Eisenstadt—LIFE

OBJECTIVIST RAND
Live only for self.

rany of altruism. "If any civilization is to survive," said she last week, "it is the morality of altruism that men have to reject." And why? Because this Christian virtue leads to self-immolation, tolerance of the "incompetent" common man, the welfare state, and ultimately to the slave labor camp. By hindering ego, altruism destroys human "reason."

Nurtured by a small Manhattan cult, Author Rand's unaltruistic philosophy of "objectivism" is objectified by the gold dollar sign that she often wears as a brooch ("The cross is the symbol of torture; I prefer the dollar sign, the symbol of free trade, therefore of the free mind"). But this weird spiritualization of cash ("Money is the root of all good") is perhaps only an outward and visible sign. The real point of objectivism is rousing unembarrassed self-interest. For the best man is a tough-minded egoist, "a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute."

Firmly convinced that her own one absolute is reason, Author Rand has gone so far as to boast: "I have never had an emotion that I couldn't account for. Less fortunate people, she suggested last week at Yale, can blame Immanuel Kant, just when faith was on the wane, and self-interest had a foot in the door, he "saved the morality of altruism" with his duty-setting "categorical imperatives." It was he who bred the mental world that makes modern men "equate self-interest with evil," that makes businessmen afraid to admit they seek profits (i.e., happiness), that leaves the victims of dictatorship feeling "selfish" if they resist. "The ultimate monument to Kant and the whole altruist morality is Soviet Russia."

Old Rugged Cross. To Author Rand, the "freedom and reason" that should combat "faith and force" were best em-

* And students at other colleges across the country. Launched at Yale last spring, Challenge at ready has chapters at Antioch, Chicago, Oberlin, Princeton, Reed, Smith, Stephens and Wisconsin.

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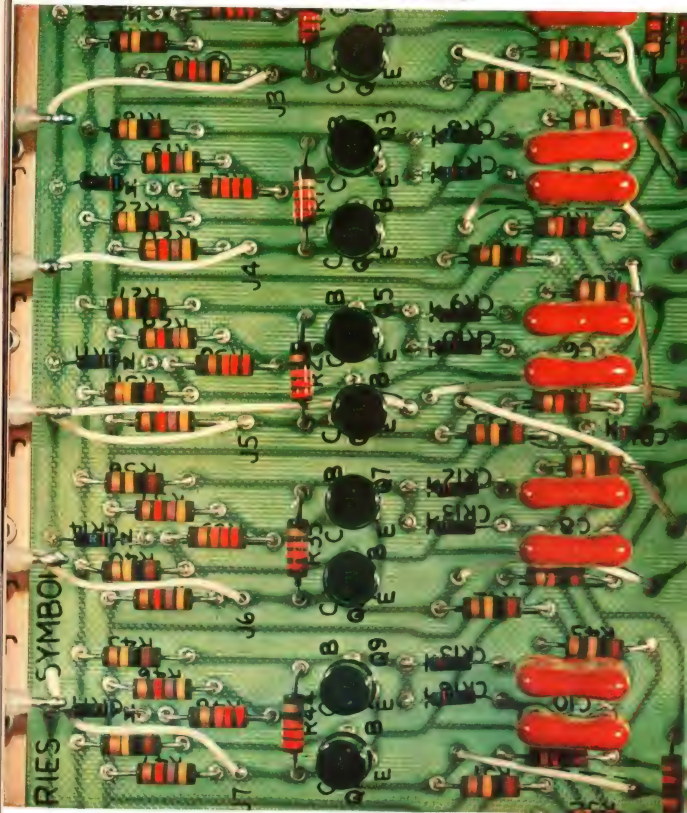
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bodied in the "historical miracle" of early capitalism. "Never mind the low wages and the harsh living conditions" of the early years. "Capitalism did not create poverty—it inherited it." The real miracle was the creation of "the necessary corollary of political freedom"—laissez-faire capitalism. The tragedy is that this "magnificent benefactor of mankind" soon died—Government controls killed it. And even the "so-called defenders" of capitalism were too chickenhearted to resist. "Because, ladies and gentlemen, capitalism and altruism are incompatible. Make no mistake about it—and tell it to your Republican friends: capitalism and altruism cannot coexist in the same man or in the same society."

True capitalism is just as dead under Eisenhower Republicanism as under the New Deal, according to Author Rand, and it cannot be reborn with any such slogan as "service to society." Only its original purpose will do: "The moral justification of capitalism is man's right to exist for his own sake." The alternative to this "rational" purpose is totalitarianism.

Is there any hope? In a windup that left Yalmen limp, Author Rand crackled: "Civilization does not have to perish. The brutes are winning only by default. But in order to fight them to the finish and with full rectitude, it is the altruist morality that you have to reject."

Speaking to the Subject

In Atlantic City last week, 10,000 members of the American Association of School Administrators gathered in annual convention, slogged through dozens of trade exhibits, from green blackboards to air conditioners. But education was far from forgotten; some invited guests spoke vigorously to the subject.

James B. Conant, president emeritus of Harvard, gave the first public report on his current study of U.S. junior high schools. Conant praised efforts to departmentalize the eighth grade (with four specialized teachers per class instead of one), but warned that "drastic revisions may be in order in many schools." Among them: a longer school day, a possible end to small schools. Then Conant loosed a blast. In his study so far (125 junior high schools in 17 states), he has found "an almost vicious overemphasis on athletics." Said Conant: "Colleges, of course, are by and large the worst sinners in this regard, but that the disease had spread to the junior high school was to me a new and shocking revelation."

Philip H. Coombs, secretary of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, called for a teaching "revolution" to sweep away obsolete methods (e.g., "the textbook as Bible"). Education is an "undynamic, unprogressive industry," said Coombs. "There has not been a profoundly radical innovation in the technology of education since the invention of the book." Suggested Coombs: every school system in the country should forthwith spend 2% of its budget for a topnotch research division and hire "a vice president in charge of heresy."

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THE DEAN OF
AMERICAN MOVERS



CINEMA

Nose Opera

Scent of Mystery, the first picture made by Mike Todd Jr., son and heir of the late producer of *Around the World in 80 Days*, has been tagged by the Hollywood wisenheimers as "the first movie that ever smelled on purpose." Actually, it is the second smellie released in recent months. *Behind the Great Wall* (TIME, Dec. 21) beat Todd's picture to Broadway by a nose, partly because "amazing Aroma-Rama" (which breathes the "olfactory effects" in and out of a theater through its



LORRE & ELLIOTT IN "SCENT"
It smells on purpose.

air-conditioning system) is simpler to install than Todd's "glorious Smell-O-Vision" (which supplies every customer with his very own scent vent).

The hero is a young British airman (Denholm Elliott), on holiday in Spain, who sees a runaway truck miss a pretty girl by inches, smells a rat, sets up as a private nose, and like a quixotic Quixote with a paunchy Panza (Peter Lorre) at his heels, sets out to rescue his damsel in distress. In the course of the hero's aromatic maudering, the customer gets quite an eyeful of Spain: the Alhambra, the Alcazaba, the Cathedral at Malaga, the bullfights at Pamplona. He also gets a snoutful: apples, peaches, brandy, wine, tobacco, shoe polish, peppermint, roses, garlic, not to mention the local skunks (Peter Arne, Paul Lukas). All in all, everybody will probably have a snorting good time.

The "olfactions" themselves—supplied from the "library of essences" compiled by "Osmologist" Hans Laube, who perfected the Smell-O-Vision process—are on

the whole no more accurate or credible than those employed by AromaRama, but at least they don't stink so loud. Moreover, the gimmick is backed up by a witty script that at times owes as much to Don Miguel de Cervantes as it does to Scriptwriter William Roos. The Todd 70 Process camera is used to flashy effect, especially when it is mounted on a helicopter. And Hero Elliott is a remarkably sly and appealing comedian. Released as a hard-ticket, ten-a-week, \$3.50 attraction, *Scent* will undoubtedly make millions. But most customers will probably agree that the smell they liked best was the one they got during intermission: fresh air.

New Picture

The Last Voyage [M-G-M]. "Fire in the engine room!" These are the first words in this film, the first jab of what turns out to be the most violently overstimulating experience of the new year in cinema: an attempt by two shrewd shock merchants, Andrew and Virginia Stone (*Julie, Cry Terror!*) to give the mass audience a continuous, 91-minute injection of adrenaline.

The captain (George Sanders) of the liner *Claridon*, several days at sea with 1,500 passengers aboard, is not alarmed by the news of the fire, and fortune at first seems to smile on his *sang-froid*. The blaze is quickly put out. But its heat has fused the safety valve of the No. 3 boiler, which eventually blows its top through third, second and first-class cabins and rips a sizable hole in the side of the ship. The captain orders the lifeboats lowered, and as bulkhead after bulkhead bursts, he makes his desperate calculations: in 50 minutes the *Claridon* will take the fatal plunge.

At this point the suspense, already throat-constricting, becomes anginal. The explosion has trapped the heroine (Dorothy Malone) beneath a steel frame too heavy to move. Only an acetylene torch can save her. Can the hero (Robert Stack), raging through the sinking ship, find a torch before the rising waters drown the heroine's piteous cries? No he can't; yes he can; no he can't. The Stones play to the moviegoer's pulse as though it were a set of bongos.

As a piece of professional entertainment, *The Last Voyage* is plainly superior to the picture it was patterned after, the British version of the loss of the *Titanic*. The script takes advantage of its fictional freedom, as the script of *A Night to Remember* (TIME, Jan. 5, 1959) could not, to focus its interest and excite its pace. The scenes of destruction are particularly explicit and dramatic: most of the film was shot aboard the old *Ile de France* just before she was junked in Japan. And yet in its total effect, *The Last Voyage* lacks an element essential in all great disasters: dignity. Indeed, the idle depredation of a noble old ship, for the mere sake of salable sensation, may seem to some moviegoers an absolute indignity.



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Make no mistake, for we're serious: a Beechcraft can make the difference. With his youth kept fresh, many a man can make decisions worth hundreds of thousands of net dollars to his firm. Figured on end results, many a fresh-feeling top man can return the cost of a go-faster, go-farther Beechcraft in a year or a month. And yes, even in one day.

Beechcrafts are selling fast because a certain trip by the right man at the right time can easily result in a \$5,000 to \$10,000 profit. Forgotten is the fact that slower ways of getting there might save \$18.36.

The Beechcraft Bonanza, leader in the skies among all single-engine business planes, is just the thing for men who want to stay young and useful.

See your Beechcraft distributor or dealer for complete information on low-cost Beech financing and leasing plans.

Write for illustrated Bonanza brochure and informative booklet, "The Dollars and Sense of Business Flying", to Public Relations Dept., Beech Aircraft Corp., Wichita 1, Kansas, U. S. A.

Beechcraft

BEECHCRAFTS ARE THE AIR FLEET



OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

MEDICINE

Mental Health: Improving

With a combination of tranquilizing drugs and bigger budgets, state and local governments are making headway on long-neglected mental health programs. Putting together 1958 figures laboriously collected from all levels of government, the American Psychiatric Association and the National Association for Mental Health last week measured some of the headway. Between 1956 and 1958, emphasis on effective treatment rather than mere custo-

lined up from morning until night. It was all free. New York's Lederle Laboratories donated the vaccine. Physicians, nurses, and a host of assorted volunteers gave their services. Paper work was at a minimum. For each person to be vaccinated, there was a short form listing how many shots of Salk vaccine he had had, and for minors, a form for parental consent.

Even for the busy workers, everything was gratifyingly simple. The vaccine, colored the faintest of pinks by cherry flavoring, arrived in 1,000-cc. bottles (about a



Allen Gould

POLIO VACCINE DRINKERS ON UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI CAMPUS
Willing to take one chance in a billion.

dial care cut the number of institutionalized patients per 100,000 U.S. population from 335.7 to 319.3. Partly as a result, average daily expenditure on each patient rose 18%, from \$3.74 to \$4.42.

One-Swallow Vaccine

An all-out drive by backers of oral, live-virus vaccines for the right to succeed the Salk killed-virus injections as the first line of defense against poliomyelitis reached the U.S. last week. Biggest offensive was launched in Miami and surrounding Dade County, where the entire under-40 population, estimated at 520,000, was marshaled in an effort to show that a single swallow of the three-way vaccine is not only safe but superior to Salk. By week's end the campaign's sponsors tallied more than 75,000 who had taken the vaccine. They hoped to run the total close to the half-million mark before April, which would make this the biggest test of any live vaccine in U.S. medical history, and surpass the figure of 440,000 children covered by the 1954 trials of Salk vaccine.

Popper Cup. From the skyscraper hotels and high-life restaurants of Miami Beach to country schools and community centers back in "the Glades," adults and children

quart), enough for 500 doses. A nurse drew 2 cc. (half a teaspoonful) at a time with a bulb-type dropper, put it in a tiny paper cup. Another worker added about a tablespoonful of water—distilled, to guard against the possibility that chlorinated tap water might reduce the vaccine's potency. Adults and schoolchildren downed the mixture at a gulp. For infants, the vaccine was usually put in a plastic teaspoon, sterile from a fresh pack. The teaspoon was thrown away after use.

This straightforward procedure contrasted sharply with the complications of needle sterilization and alcohol swabbing with the injected Salk vaccine. And it was free of pain and the slight risks of needle jabs. Though a few vaccine swallowers (including adults) made wry faces, they need not have; the almost imperceptible flavor was pleasant. (But one pediatrician, knowing his clientele, took the added precaution of mixing the vaccine with a cola drink.)

700 an Hour. Almost 200,000 requests for the vaccine were in before the test began, and the biggest problem was getting the stuff to all who wanted it. Tourists were not invited, but a few horned in at a mobile unit set up in front of a Col-

lins Avenue restaurant to take care of hotel personnel. In the elementary schools, classes of 30 or more children all took their medicine in elapsed time as short as seven minutes. At Sunset Elementary School, just south of Miami, 732 children ran through the line in less than an hour. At Homestead A.F.B., home of the Strategic Air Command's 823rd Air Division, corporals and nurses carried the vaccine out to flight crews and ground crews in the alert areas to avoid any break in their availability.

Jointly sponsoring the massive campaign were the Dade County Medical Association, the county Health Department, and the University of Miami's School of Medicine. Prime mover in getting it rolling was Dr. Turner E. Cato, 56, the county's veteran health commissioner, who was inspired by the grandiose and seemingly successful antipolio program launched by the Russians with Dr. Albert Sabin's live-virus vaccine (TIME, Nov. 2). Despite cajoling by him and fellow physicians, too many Dade County residents had neglected to take Salk shots, so that in 1959 the county had 46 cases of paralytic polio. Still more disturbing, seven victims (including two who died) had had three Salk shots. The county medical association, led by incoming President Franklin J. Evans, abandoned organized medicine's traditional opposition to free medication as socialistic and decided to support an all-out test of oral vaccine to be given free. The university's professor of preventive medicine, Dr. M. Eugene Flipse, became program chairman.

Can It Revert? The time was right. Although three U.S.-made vaccines containing live but attenuated (weakened) viruses have been widely tested overseas, the U.S. Public Health Service will not license any for general use until rigorous and extensive tests on home grounds indicate their safety. Main concern: the fear that a weakened or modified virus may revert, after multiplying in vaccinated subjects' guts, to a disease-causing form. Evidence on this, which has alarmed some experts, is that this recovered virus sometimes causes paralysis when injected directly into the brains or spinal columns of monkeys.

Herald R. Cox, Sc.D.,* 53 next week, who developed the vaccine for Lederle, insists that his polio virus strains have been so modified that they cannot again cause disease after growing in their natural habitat, the human gut. They have an added safety factor of a million, he said last week. And since even "wild" polio virus causes detectable disease in only one out of a thousand of the people it infects, he argued that the chance of getting disease from this vaccine is one in a billion.

From tens of thousands of blood samples, the Florida campaign's sponsors expect to have answers within a few weeks on the vaccine's potency and safety. Even-

* One of the U.S.'s dooggiest virologists. Working against Rocky Mountain spotted fever in 1938, he caught the disease, believes he would have died if he had not previously taken his own new vaccine.



The high-speed, high-capacity Divisumma 24 combines a remarkable "memory" with automatic retention of a constant, and provides an easy-to-read tape record of all operations. Automatic re-entry of intermediate results makes the Divisumma 24 especially useful for multifactor multiplication and combined operations. No operator training is required. Olivetti Corporation of America, 375 Park Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.; branches or dealers in all principal cities.

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tually, they hope to eliminate wild polio virus entirely from Dade County—which no killed-virus vaccine could ever do. By the end of the 1960 polio season, Dr. Cox is confident, his vaccine can be licensed. Meanwhile, the National Foundation (TIME, Jan. 18) grantees are testing the Sabin vaccine. The struggle for the right to supplement and eventually supplant the Salk vaccine will become increasingly bitter as the year advances. But until a live-virus vaccine is approved, all authorities continue to recommend Salk shots.

VD Up

Penicillin cut the U.S. syphilis rate from 234.7 cases in each 100,000 population in 1948 to only 68.5 in 1958, the gonorrhea rate from 252 to 129.3. Unfortunately, the public's old terror of venereal disease gave way to overconfidence, a one-third cut in VD-control funds. The rate of VD decline began to level off five years ago, by last year seemed ready to rise again.

Last week the American Social Health Association and two other national health organizations, tallying up figures for fiscal 1959, reported a general VD rise in 29 U.S. states and 49 major cities. For the country as a whole, the syphilis rate was up 1.2%, gonorrhea up 6.3%. In a pattern that threatens faster rises in the near future, health officers found 22.8% more cases of syphilis in its early infectious stages.

An age-group breakdown has not yet been made on the 1959 figures, but health officers generally agreed on who are the major victims of the rise: teen-agers living in big cities. New York City reported that syphilis increased 78.3% among its 15-to-19-year-olds.

Surgical Air

In a routine month, Mount Sinai Hospital and Clinic in Los Angeles would expect one or two postoperative wound infections owing to contamination in surgery. But not one case has turned up in the last six months, and surgeons could feel the reason while they worked. Blowing gently down over them from the operating-room ceiling was a curtain of air that was 99.9% free of germs, including the deadly staph.

The air was made surgically pure by being pumped through a 7-ft. cube housing 72 small cylinders, each containing an ultraviolet arc. The cylinders were designed so that every passing air particle swirled within 3 in. of a germ-killing arc light. Since ultraviolet rays kill germs more effectively at close range—their germicidal effect is proportionate to the square root of the distance—a microbe had only 1/256th as much chance of surviving a trip through the cylinders as it would have under an ultraviolet lamp hanging 4 ft. above the operating table. The air washer, called the Aseptic Air System, is relatively inexpensive. Its inventors, a physicist and a well-to-do gadgeteer, can equip the average 1,000-sq.-ft. operating room for as little as \$1,500.



BIG SHOW AT SQUAW VALLEY. As pigeons flew, flames burned and fireworks exploded, the 1960 Winter Olympics began—and you'll see the entire pageantry of the opening days in LIFE's fast-closing (Saturday midnight) word-and-picture story.

ATLAS, THE ASTRONAUT'S MISSILE. LIFE presents the first of a series in which each Astronaut will describe his special responsibility in Project Mercury. This week Air Force Captain Donald Slayton reports his reactions to the Atlas (40,000 parts, any one of which *could* go wrong)—the missile that will propel the first American into orbit.

DICTATOR AT BAY. Striking pictures and hard-hitting text describe Strongman Trujillo, his family, his wealth, his army and some of the problems the Dominican Republic is facing, including his newest foe, the Church.

THE MOVIES—GETTING TOO GROWN UP? Adult entertainment is fine for adults—but films like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the forthcoming *Lolita* are hardly family entertainment. Among the questions posed in William K. Zinsser's article: whose responsibility to keep the kiddies out—the industry, the churches, the states, the parents?

PIONEER OF SCIENCE. Most people know that Ben Franklin drew lightning from the sky with a kite and invented the lightning rod. But much of Ben's world renown as a scientist was based on other achievements, here described in his own letters and reconstructed in brilliant color photographs.

LIFE

OUT TODAY



Forty miles south of San Francisco, at Sunnyvale, California, stands the vast new Satellite Production Building of Lockheed's Missiles and Space Division. It houses the thousands of scientists, engineers, and technicians who build the satellites for four of America's major space programs. From Satellite Center comes the Agena, exclusive satellite in the Air Force Discoverer program for the exploration of space. The Agena is America's largest (1700 pounds) and most reliable satellite (six successful orbits in eight launches). In fact, these six Agenas weighed more than twice as much as the three Sputniks the U.S.S.R. has put on orbit. And the Agena is the only satellite that can send a capsule from space to earth. Because of the Agena's demonstrated reliability, a more powerful version—the Agena B—will be used by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in its lunar and deep-space probes. Satellites for the Air Force MIDAS (Missile Defense Alarm System) and Samos strategic warning system are also being designed, engineered, and manufactured at Satellite Center, U.S.A.

Satellite Center, U.S.A.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Rising Production

U.S. industrial production rose 3% in January to top the alltime record reached before the steel strike. The advance, which brought the index to 169 of the 1947-49 average of 100, came on top of a 6% rise in December, reflected improvement in every sector of the economy except mining.

Other rising indexes:

Department-store sales rose 4% in the week ended Feb. 13.

Personal income climbed to a new record of \$393.3 billion on a seasonally adjusted rate in January, up \$1.2 billion from December's previous record.

Rail and truck carloadings continued above last year's pace, but dropped slightly from the week before because of bad weather in the Central, Southern and Western states.

F. W. Dodge Corp. predicted gains in most construction categories during 1960, especially in the field of plant and equipment expenditures. Notable exception: residential construction, which dropped almost 13% in January from the same month in 1959, now seems headed for 1,200,000 to 1,250,000 housing starts in 1960, down about 10% from 1959.

Rally on the Street

As the stock market drifted lower over five of the past seven weeks, traders waited for the "selling climax" that would clear out the timid at one swoop, lay the groundwork for an advance. Last week the climax came. Sliding to its lowest point in ten months, the market suddenly plunged lower; selling was heavy, the tape ran minutes late on the downside, and the Dow-Jones industrial average gave up six points in less than two hours. Then, just as

suddenly, the market turned about and headed upward in a broad and spirited rally. It continued to rally for the rest of the week, ended at 628.45 on the industrial average, up 6.22 points for the week. Said Sidney B. Lurie, partner of Josephthal & Co.: "The scare is over."

Not everyone agreed with that estimate, but the feeling was widespread that the week's events had left the market stronger. Even the Dow theorists, a small but vocal group of analysts who were beginning to look for a bear market, saw signs of encouragement. According to the Dow theory, if the industrials break through their recent low, followed by the rails going through their last low, a bear market has started. Last week the industrials plunged through their low of Sept. 22, and the theorists suspensefully watched the rails slide down. The rails got right down to their fall low of 146.65, then scooted up again without breaking through. To the Dow theorists, this was an encouraging sign.

Another sign of encouragement was the continued buying of the small investor. A Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith survey taken in October showed that more than 62,000 of its customers intended to buy securities into mid-1960, and only 9,800 planned to sell; 53,400 planned both to buy and sell, and 17,600 planned to make no investment changes. Last week Merrill Lynch reported that its customers had meant what they said: they bought 871,000 shares more than they sold in January, and 306,000 more through Feb. 11.

What had cleared the air was the fact that the stock market appeared to be taking a new look at such key business developments as the tapering of steel production and the slow buildup in inventories. Investors were reassessing these developments for what they are: not signs of a recession but signs of a spread-out industrial activity that should lengthen the overall upturn of the economy. Most Wall Streeters now do not believe that there will be a recession in 1961. As for the market, it may well take a breather until first-quarter reports. They are expected to be good, give stocks a new upward push.

Record Earnings

To the long list of companies with record earnings last year there were some notable additions last week:

American Machine & Foundry Co.'s fourth-quarter earnings of 83¢, v. last year's 66¢, brought 1959's total to \$2.50 per share from \$1.66.

General Electric reduced costs, was able to show a 15% profit increase on a 6% boost in sales. Earnings were \$3.10, up from 1958's \$2.78, with a 12% gain in the fourth quarter.

Bell System rang up profits of \$5.22, a 55% increase over 1958.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.'s earnings climbed to \$4.45 from \$3.80, with fourth-quarter profits of \$1.15, v. 1958's \$1.02.

MANAGEMENT

How to Make a Buck

Every businessman knows that it is hard to make a fortune in these days of high income taxes. Last week American Motors President George Romney gave chapter and verse on how hard it is even for the high-salaried executive with stock options in a front-running corporation whose stock has soared.

When word was let out by the SEC that Romney had sold 10,000 shares of American Motors in January at \$90 a share, the stock was caught in a flurry of selling; American Motors lost 9½ points in two days before holding at 69. Romney hastily called a press conference to explain it all. He had not sold the stock, said Romney, for any lack of faith: "I sold



AMERICAN MOTORS' ROMNEY
Buying by selling.

it because there is no other way by which I can increase my outright investment in the company's future."

Big Money. Between 1948 and 1954, as a vice president whose salary rose from \$35,000 to \$75,000 a year, Romney had managed to buy 3,240 shares, usually a hundred at a time. When he became president in 1954, he got a chance at big money with an option for 35,000 shares at \$9.56 a share. After that, American Motors' stock dropped below the option price. But when it started up, Romney was in a bind. He had voluntarily cut his salary when the company was in the red, placed a \$225,000 limit on his salary and bonuses when business picked up. Thus, he had not been able to save anywhere near enough money for a major stock purchase. "I had to borrow to pick up those options," said he. "A fellow in my position under the tax laws is not in a



position to buy stock except by borrowing." Romney borrowed enough money to buy 20,500 shares, leaving 14,500 shares still to go. At that it was a gamble; with American Motors' spotty dividend record, the carrying charges on a big loan could be a sizable expense. As American Motors moved ahead, Romney got two more sets of options over a period of years: one for 21,000 additional shares at \$31.82½ per share in 1958, another for 21,000 shares at \$56.29 last September. But he lacked the funds to pick up any large blocks of stock.

Bright Future. By selling 10,000 shares (leaving him with 13,740), Romney got \$300,000, of which \$200,000 went to pay the capital-gains tax, another \$200,000 for debts remaining from the first purchase, and \$70,000 for tithing to Romney's Mormon church. His net: some \$430,000. This is about \$200,000 short of what he needs to pick up the last 14,500 shares on the first option, plus another 12,600 shares becoming available this year on his other two options. By paying off his first debt, Romney can now borrow again, add in his net \$430,000 gain and thus buy those 27,100 shares this year. His grand total: 40,840 shares, or 28% more than when he started. If he can figure out a way to pick up the 29,400 shares he still has coming in options, presumably by going through the maneuver again, he will own about 1% of American Motors' stock, worth about \$5,000,000 at current prices.

As for American Motors' business, said Romney, "the future never looked brighter." Current-quarter earnings are estimated to be better than last year's \$2.10 a share; the assembly plants are on a six-day, three-shift basis, with production scheduled for 280,873 units in the first six months, 23% better than last year.

Rigging the Bids?

Ever since the TVA complained last spring about identical bids for electric-power-generating equipment, the Justice Department has been investigating the pricing policies of the nation's major electric-equipment manufacturers. Last week, in a series of criminal antitrust indictments, a federal grand jury in Philadelphia charged that General Electric Co., Westinghouse Electric Corp., Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co., I-T-E Circuit Breaker Co. and Federal Pacific Electric Co. conspired to submit "noncompetitive, collusive and rigged bids" on private and government business valued at \$200 million a year. The grand jury also indicted G.E., Westinghouse, I-T-E Circuit Breaker and nine other electrical-equipment makers for conspiring to fix prices on sales of another \$55 million a year.

The government charged that, to set prices and rig bids, representatives of the five major manufacturers met at least 35 times over the past year, took hotel rooms under assumed names. The government market broke up among G.E. (30%), Westinghouse (35%), I-T-E Circuit Breaker (11%), Allis-Chalmers (8%) and Federal Pacific (7%).



Alfred Eisenstaedt
G.E.'s CORDINER
Agreement by moonlight.

At the meetings, the indictments said, the defendants would designate the manufacturer to submit the lowest bid. To quote nearly identical prices, the manufacturers used a "phase of the moon" or "light of the moon" formula.

Under the plan, as the Government outlined it, the companies rotated the prices of their bids to correspond with the moon's phases; one bidding the low prices, others quoting intermediate prices, and one the high price. Thus, each manufacturer would not only know what the others were bidding but would periodically be low bidder and get his agreed share of the market.

The grand jury indictments came as no

surprise to General Electric Co.'s Chairman Ralph J. Cordiner. Last month he reported that G.E. executives who had shown "flagrant disregard" for G.E.'s policy by discussing prices with competitors had been downgraded and that their salaries had been cut, but for Westinghouse's management the indictments "came as a shock." The company said the actions charged to its employees are "completely contrary to long-established policies," though no action had been taken against the employees involved. If convicted, the companies will be subject to a maximum fine of \$50,000, and the 18 individual defendants to a year in prison and a \$50,000 fine.

CORPORATIONS

Brunswick Finds a Boatbuilder

Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., which has diversified from bowling into school and sports equipment, has been looking for a boatbuilder. It lost out on Chris-Craft Corp., the nation's largest motorboat maker, to NAFI Corp., which is controlled by Wall Street's Shields & Co. (TIME, Feb. 15). After helping to close the Chris-Craft deal, famed Yachtsman Cornelius ("Corny") Shields Sr., a Shields & Co. partner, pondered a way to see Brunswick into the boat business. As a director of the Owens Yacht Co., the nation's No. 2 builder of pleasure crafts (1959 sales: \$15.3 million), Shields set about bringing the two together. This week Brunswick announced that, through an exchange of stock worth \$16 million, it would take over Owens Yacht Co. The four Owens brothers (Charles, Norman, John and William), who own 70% of the stock, will receive \$11.2 million worth of Brunswick stock.

Under the contract, Brunswick will exchange two shares of its stock for each

TIME CLOCK

STOCK-TRADING RECORD was set by New York Stock Exchange in 1959, when more than 1 billion shares worth more than \$43 billion were traded, highest since 1930.

G.E. OFFER for a major interest in ailing Bavarian Motor Works, West Germany's seventh largest automaker, is under consideration. B.M.W., already licensed to produce G.E.'s J-79 jet engine, is slated to get a \$100 million contract to build them for German air force's new Starfighter.

COLOR TV PRODUCTION will be doubled in 1960 by RCA, which last year earned its first profit from color since it was introduced in 1954.

ALEXANDER L. GUTERMA, 44, the freebooting financier convicted of bilking the public of nearly \$1 million when he headed F. L. Jacobs Co., was fined \$160,000, sentenced to four years, eleven months in prison. Still to come: trial on three other indictments.

MINIMUM-WAGE BOOST is likely to be approved during this session of Congress, since Labor Secretary James Mitchell has said that a "modest increase" in the present \$1 minimum will not adversely affect low-wage industries. Unions and most Democrats favor a \$1.25 per hour minimum, Republicans a \$1.10 to \$1.15 per hour compromise.

NEW MISSILE SPENDING will give Douglas Aircraft \$60 million in fiscal 1961 for full-scale development of its 1,000-mile, air-to-ground Skybolt missile. Designed as a "standoff" weapon to be launched from B-52 jet bombers, Skybolt is expected to be major nuclear weapon, is slated to go into service within next three to five years.

NEW JET ORDERS for Boeing's 727, a 65- to 88-passenger jet still under development, will be placed by United Air Lines. United plans to buy 40 of the 600-m.p.h. 727s, which will cost about \$4,000,000 each.

HOW TO SELL OVERSEAS

The U.S. Has the Opportunity & the Tools

WHY have U.S. exports fallen? The popular complaint of businessmen is that the U.S. is being priced out of world markets by rising labor costs. But many foreign-trade experts are convinced that the biggest problem is a plain lack of salesmanship: the U.S. businessman has simply not tried hard enough to sell his products abroad. Says Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr.: "Our foreign business is the neglected child of American business."

Even though the traditional spread between U.S. exports and imports has narrowed dangerously, comparatively few businessmen have stepped up foreign selling efforts. The lag is not for any lack of opportunity. In recent years the U.S. has made great strides in persuading foreign nations to lower tariff barriers. Yet the Commerce Department reported that only 10,000 firms out of the 4,600,000 in the U.S. have any interest in exporting. Many companies, added Commerce, do not answer repeated letters of inquiry from prospective foreign customers.

Big corporations such as General Motors, International Business Machines, and National Cash Register, which have full-scale international divisions and plants abroad, know how profitable trade can be. But smaller companies, which cannot invest millions to make millions, tend to shrug off export sales, regard them only as a dumping ground for surplus domestic production. When there is an export department, it often operates at the lowest management level.

Just about every U.S. company extends credit—as liberal as possible—to its U.S. customers. But overseas, the same companies often demand cash on the barrelhead. Nor does the U.S. businessman research his foreign market as he does at home; he is nowhere near as anxious to serve each customer's special needs, is reluctant to modify his product to fit export needs. Germany's DEMAG steel construction company recently won an order for a steel mill in Portugal because it offered a "complete, individualized package," while its U.S. competitors offered only a standard job, take it or leave it. Says DEMAG: "The Americans pull out a blueprint, but we do a hand-drawn design specifically tailored to the customer's wishes."

The U.S. also often falls down in the quantity and quality of its salesmen abroad. European and Japanese traders flood their markets with salesmen, make sure they are well-educated specialists with a solid knowledge of

the language and the market. By contrast, the U.S. company often sends a man who does not even know the language, has so much ground to cover that he can answer queries only by mailing off a catalogue—printed in English as often as not. Many companies do not send a salesman at all, but turn their wares over to jobbers who operate as mere order takers. In Singapore, for example, one agent handles 70 companies.

The U.S. company too often sells more on price than with the emphasis on quality that makes it more economic in the long run to buy American. A U.S. power shovel advertised for one-ton capacity handles one ton of dirt; a European shovel may be cheaper, but the rating includes the weight of the shovel and it handles only four-fifths of a ton. The Commerce Department's Expert Emil Schnellbacher deplores the "great to-do about ours costing more. They get more. In order to get across the idea that they are getting more for their money, we ought to go in more for the hard sell."

Those who sell hard are doing fine despite price difference. American Chemical Paint Co. brings its 35 foreign distributors to the main plant near Philadelphia every two years for a refresher course on what makes its products good, what new ones are coming along. Consolidated Electro-dynamics Corp., a precision instrument maker, set up a marketing and servicing subsidiary in Germany a year and a half ago, expects to expand the staff to 85 this year. Says Manager Harold Zander: "You can't sell this type of installation by catalogue. When we get an inquiry, we have the instruments air-expressed from the U.S. if necessary, and our technicians rush them to the site by station wagon. We sell by showing how our installations operate."

The businessman does not have to do it alone; the U.S. Government plans more help. The State Department intends to strengthen its commercial attaché service to help businessmen abroad. The Administration is also at work on a plan for the Export-Import Bank to establish some form of short-term credit guarantees, so that U.S. traders can give the same liberal terms as their rivals, U.S. trade missions at overseas fairs will change their pitch, will tell foreign businessmen about the products they can buy only from the U.S., instead of how to sell to the U.S.

No one doubts that the U.S. businessman can compete abroad, if only he tries as hard as he does at home.

seven shares of the Owens' stock. Non-family owners of the remaining 30% of Owens stock have a chance at the same terms. Last year Owens produced more than 7,000 wood and fiber-glass boats, ranging from 14 ft. to 35 ft. and up to \$18,000 in price. Operating as a division of Brunswick, Baltimore-based Owens will remain under the family's management, is expected to expand its fiber-glass-boat operations, now 40% of its annual sales volume.

REAL ESTATE

Curtains for the Roxy

What's playing at the Roxy? I'll tell you what's playing at the Roxy: A picture about a Minnesota man, so in love with a Mississippi girl that he sacrifices everything and moves all the way to Biloxi—that's what's playing at the Roxy!

—Guys and Dolls

Opening night of the Roxy in 1927 was an event that bedazzled New Yorkers. The \$11 million theater was so big and luxurious that the only billing it thought fitting was "The Cathedral of Motion Pictures." As the cathedral's doors opened, 125 special policemen held back the mobs that strained for a look at their thicker favorites. Among the 6,000 first-nighters were New York's Mayor Jimmy Walker, Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson, star of the cathedral's first attraction, *The Love of Sunya*. As the audience settled back in the plush mohair seats, an actor in a monk's robe appeared on stage, spread his arms and said: "Let there be light." With his words, the audience rose, and 110 musicians, bathed in the glare of spotlights, played *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

The Roxy was never able to top its premiere. Though every major Hollywood film star made love on its screen, though its stage shows ranged from dog acts to the New York Philharmonic, the theater usually had trouble paying its bills. In 1931 Samuel ("Roxy") Rothafel, the free-spending impresario who had conceived the Roxy, jumped to the Radio City Music Hall just up the street, was soon presenting shows that out-glittered those at the theater named after him. Up-keep for the high-stepping chorus of Roxyettes, the huge orchestra and the three pipe organs was so high that the Roxy had to operate at near capacity to turn a profit. Even after overhead was cut down, poor pictures and finally television kept the theater in a precarious financial position.

Last week the last act came for the Roxy. Manhattan Real Estate Tycoon William Zeckendorf announced that for \$5,000,000 he had bought the theater from Rockefeller Center Inc., which bought the Roxy in 1956. He plans to tear it down to build a \$12.5 million, 900-room, 600-car-garage addition to his Taft Hotel, making it one of the largest hotels (2,500 rooms) in New York. Zeckendorf, who, like other large realty operators, has had trouble rounding up all the financing



"I'm sorry, but Mr. Grimes buys all his insurance from his lodge brothers."

Loyalty is an admirable trait. But we suspect Mr. Grimes' business insurance would be better coordinated — without dangerous gaps or costly overlapping coverages — if his entire program were entrusted to the *one* brother who is most competent. In fact, he might be well advised to talk with the nearest Aetna Casualty agent — whether he's a brother or not!

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TIME, FEBRUARY 29, 1960

needed to construct his 2,000-room Zeckendorf Hotel, is still negotiating the financing for his newest project.* But he argues that it is a sound risk because the Taft's annual occupancy rate is 95% of capacity. He is confident its parking facilities will attract tourists who would normally stay at motels outside the city rather than face New York traffic.

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Mail Order King

Into the West German mails this week went 3,500,000 copies of a 400-page catalogue that will set off a long-distance shopping spree in homes from Bremerhaven to Garmisch-Partenkirchen. The catalogue is the latest and fattest from Frank-

in a 16-room Frankfurt mansion with his wife and three children, indulges his hobby of riding with a stable of prizewinners. To keep his empire humming, he works 12 hours a day, often sleeps on an office couch.

Cut-Rate Morality. Born in Wuerttemberg, Neckermann started in business at 21 by buying a large lot of lamps and lampshades, assembling them himself, and selling them below the market price. Enraged competitors put him out of business by getting a court ruling that it was illegal to sell at cut-rate prices. Leaving Wuerttemberg, Neckermann went off to Berlin. There, as throughout Germany, hundreds of Jewish businessmen were being persecuted by the Nazis, forced to sell their businesses at ridiculously low prices to get enough cash to flee Germany. Always

case and forced the association to rescind its edict. Moving out of his barracks into an eleven-story Frankfurt building, Neckermann fattened his catalogue, added furniture, came out with a "Neckermann Radio-Super" that had the same features as competitors' models but sold for \$45, v. \$75. The radio started Neckermann's real troubles—and his real opportunity.

When Germans grabbed up the radio sets, retailers pressured repair shops to boycott all Neckermann products, carried out a "voluntary" boycott even after a court ruled in Neckermann's favor. Result: Neckermann set up a network of his own repair shops throughout Germany, decided to go into other appliances. In 1954 he diversified into TV sets (selling for \$100 below the cheapest set on the market), later added sewing machines, auto accessories, food and liquor.

The German radio industry refused to provide tubes for Neckermann's sets, and he found a French firm that would. The refrigeration industry refused to manufacture his refrigerators, and he got a Luxembourg firm to do it. While many German firms threw their energies into exports, Neckermann concentrated on the home market. Belatedly aware that they were losing a lot of business by boycotting Neckermann, many German firms came around. Most of Neckermann's appliances are now German-made, though he still must take the bulk of a firm's production to protect it from boycott by others.

Neckermann now hopes to dominate the mail order field in the Common Market. He sees the day when his catalogue will come out in three languages for a potential market of 100 million people.



JOSEPH NECKERMANN



NECKERMANN'S FRANKFURT STORE

The secret of success lay in a refugee camp.

furt's Neckermann Mail Order House, offers Germans 5,500 items at prices as much as 40% lower than those of competing retail stores. This year, for the first time, the orders (averaging nearly 40,000 a day) will pour into a massive new steel and concrete headquarters now being taken over by the expanding firm. Built for Neckermann on a swamp on Frankfurt's outskirts, the complex covers some ten city blocks, contains one of Europe's largest buildings.

The man who will get more enjoyment than anyone out of the catalogue is hard-eyed, aggressive Joseph Neckermann, 47, founder and sole owner of the company. In ten years he has singlehandedly changed the buying habits of millions of Germans, made his firm into the biggest mail order house in West Germany by cutting prices and battling other big merchandisers who tried to put him out of business. Today, Neckermann rules over an empire of 22 retail stores, 48 electrical appliance stores, 60 repair shops, more than 100 mobile repair units and 8,000 workers—and a 1959 gross of \$132 million. All this has made Joseph Neckermann a millionaire: he lives

a man interested in a cut rate—whatever the moral implications—Neckermann took advantage of the forced sales to buy the mail order house of Carl Joel. As a big supplier to the military, Neckermann was exempted from military duty when World War II began, became a Nazi well connected in party circles. At war's end, the Allies sentenced him to a year's imprisonment for failure to divest himself of his properties; he caught tuberculosis in jail, went to a refugee camp to recover.

There Neckermann recognized the opportunity for a comeback in the huge market created by the influx of millions of refugees, who needed almost everything, were usually far from shopping centers. In 1950 he scraped together \$25,000, sent out a crude, twelve-page catalogue of wearing apparel to 250,000 refugees picked from card indexes. His prices were aimed at the low-budget housewife—and the housewives liked what they got. Within eight months Neckermann was doing a \$2.4 million a year business.

Trouble & Opportunity. Other West German businessmen saw Neckermann almost immediately as a threat to their profits. In 1951 the Association of Textile Wholesalers and Retailers pressured small firms to prevent them from subcontracting to make goods for Neckermann. He sued for damages, and in postwar Germany's liberal economic climate won his

Stock Selling in Liberia

"You know the President does not lie. His word is true. Someone must have faith to believe that when all this is done and the iron is dug out, the iron itself will make money to pay for all these machines. Those people are called a company." Thus, President William V. S. Tubman of Liberia plugged a new stock issue at a meeting in 1958 of the paramount chiefs of the tribes in Liberia, speaking the simple English they could understand. Tubman told them that for \$100 (payable in three installments) a Liberian citizen could buy \$500 worth of stock in a company planning to mine iron ore along the Mano River, the border between Liberia and Sierra Leone.

Putting up the other \$400 was a private U.S. developer, Lansell K. Christie, 56, who will put a total of nearly \$3,000,000 into the new company. Christie, who has made millions from his share of a concession to mine iron in Liberia's Bomi Hills, agreed to lend \$1,700,000 interest-free to help Liberians become shareholders in one of their country's richest natural resources. Says Christie: "We can't despoil underdeveloped countries of their wealth. We must allow them to participate. It is unthinkable for a developer to try to hog a project all for himself."

Jungle Trek. One minor government official walked two days and two nights

* Columnist Walter Winchell reports that Zeckendorf and his son were riding through Manhattan when William Jr. pointed to a skyscraper and said, "Dad, I hear that building can be bought for \$50 million." "Yes," replied Zeckendorf, "but they want \$50,000 cash."

Candid close-ups of good living in St. Louis

St. Louisans themselves picture what they like best

Who knows a community better than its people? Recently Union Electric sponsored an unusual photo contest. St. Louisans were asked to picture what they like best in the land they live in . . . and to send with each entry a caption explaining why the picture best represents St. Louis.

The response to this contest was overwhelming and revealing. Entries reflected St. Louisans' enjoyment of good living and their pride in St. Louis contrasts of tradition and bold action for progress. Here are three representative photos chosen from hundreds submitted:



Thelma Blumberg: "Creative art exhibition is wide open to opportunity to all . . . pictured here is the Westroads Art Show, one of St. Louis' many annual art exhibits."



Don Bush: "In a simple design—an octagonal balcony—one sees a link between the 100-year-old Campbell House and the new Plaza Apartments—a symbol of St. Louis' past and future greatness."



Jack Zobort: "Pride in the St. Louis Hawks makes home games capacity turnouts as sports-minded St. Louisans share the fun of living in a world championship basketball team's home town."



St. Louis—the Strategic Center of America has good living in abundance . . . mineral and agricultural wealth . . . unsurpassed transportation . . . unlimited water from the Mississippi . . . plenty of electric power and more to come from Union Electric expansion now in progress. If moving plans are in your future, consider the St. Louis area for your home and business. You'll want to know more about this area. For full information and industrial site listings write me in confidence.

How McAlfee
President
UNION ELECTRIC COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

through forests, then rode for a day and a night to file applications to buy the stock. Cocoa and rubber farmers, laborers, houseboys, clerks and merchants lined up by the hundreds to oversubscribe the issue, many signing with crosses and Xs. Last week, with the proceeds from the first major public stock offering in a West African nation, construction was under way on a 35-mile railroad through the cedar and mahogany rain forest to link the Mano River ore hills with Liberia's major port, Monrovia.

The Mano ore deposits (proven resources: 53 million tons with over 55% iron content) will be developed by Christie, a husky onetime Army engineering officer who built bases in Africa during World War II, was the biggest contributor to the Democratic Party in 1956 (\$70,564). Christie won his concession in 1946 for his Liberia Mining Co. to dig Boni Hills ore, then sold the controlling interest to Republic Steel Corp. in 1949.

Contracts in Hand. The new Mano mining concession belongs to the \$10 million National Iron Ore Company, Ltd. (1,000,000 shares), owned by the Liberian government (50%), the Liberia Mining Co. (15%) and Liberian Enterprises, Ltd., a holding company (35%). Christie and his associates own 35,000 shares in Liberian Enterprises, Ltd., and have sold the other 22,750 through the public offering to more than 1,600 Liberians. Under the terms, Christie will be repaid the \$400 he lent each stockholder from 50% of their dividends.

Christie's schedule calls for the Mano mines to be shipping ore in the spring of 1961, operating at full production of 4,000,000 tons a year within four years. To do this will cost \$22 million; but Christie does not expect any trouble raising the rest of the capital.

SHIPPING

Ends Against the Middle

If a ship has neither a bow nor a stern, it is certainly not a ship. But it is a nifty little method of getting the benefits of U.S.-built ships without the high cost. On order last week from the Hamburg yards of German Shipbuilder Willy Schlieker (TIME, Oct. 26) were the mid-sections of six vessels for Mobil's McLean Industries, Inc. With a booming business carrying highway trailer vans by sea, McLean decided to add six new vessels, each with a capacity of 476 vans, to his fleet of trailer ships. The problem was that if the vessels were built abroad they could not ship between domestic ports. (U.S. coastal trade is limited to U.S.-built ships.) But if they were built at home, the cost would run between \$10 million and \$12 million per vessel.

McLean's solution is to play both ends against the middle. Schlieker will build only the mid-sections, which can then be towed across the Atlantic and enter the U.S. as "fabricated steel." McLean turns them into ships by simply buying old T-2 war-surplus tankers, hiring U.S. yards to graft the bows and sterns onto his



DEVELOPER CHRISTIE
Hogs are unthinkable.

German mid-sections, thus qualifying as "built in America." Total cost: less than \$5,000,000 a vessel, a saving of 50% to 65%. So simple is the idea that other U.S. firms (e.g., American Ship Building) have ordered the mid-sections for several big ore carriers from Schlieker.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Products

Pocket Phone. A portable two-way-radio unit that can fit into the pocket will be put on sale by Globe Electronics of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Powered by a rechargeable battery that lasts a year, the 13½-oz. set is the smallest yet put on the market, has a range up to a mile, requires no license. Price: \$125.

Braille Reports. The first annual report for blind stockholders on records and in Braille was put out by American Telephone & Telegraph Co. for an estimated 3,600 A.T.&T. stock owners.

Fatties Frying. Manhattan's Pampered Kitchens Inc. put on sale a Swiss-made frying pan that requires practically no fat or grease to fry food. The pan is lined with silicone that is guaranteed to prevent sticking for three years if no abrasives are used in cleaning. Price: \$5 to \$9.50.

Aluminum Outhouses. An aluminum outhouse was announced by Alcoa as an experiment to find new markets for the light metal. Originally planned for public parks and forests, the "Autumn Brown" outhouse has drawn "amazing response" from farmers and folks in the hills. Price: \$300 for a 6½-by-3½-ft. model.

Transistor Portable TV. Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp. will put on sale in April the first U.S. transistorized portable TV set with a direct-view picture instead of a magnified image. The 28-lb., 10-in. set will cost about \$250.

MILESTONES

Born. To Raúl Castro, 28, sideburned brother of Cuba's Dictator Fidel and boss of Cuba's armed forces, and Vilma Espín de Castro, 29, a guerrilla fighter in Santiago during the civil war; their first child; in Havana. Name: Deborah (the *nom de guerre* of Vilma). Weight: 7 lbs.

Born. To Ogden Rogers Reid, 34, U.S. Ambassador to Israel, onetime (1955-58) publisher of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and Mary Louise Stewart Reid, 34; their fourth child, first daughter; in Tel Aviv, Israel. Name: Elizabeth. Weight: 7 lbs., 3 oz.

Married. Anne Baxter, 36, cinematress (*The Ten Commandments*); and Randolph Galt, 30, cattle rancher; she for the second time (No. 1: Cinematographer John Hodiak), he for the first; in Honolulu.

Died. Hans Christian Hansen, 53, Premier of Denmark since 1955, a moderate socialist who as Finance Minister (1945, 1947-50) restored Denmark's currency and moved the country to a speedy postwar recovery, always resolutely followed a middle way; he rebuffed Russian threats aimed at dislodging Denmark from the West, but he also refused to allow U.S. bases in Denmark (though he fervidly promoted the Western alliance, helped lead his nation triumphantly into NATO); of cancer; in Copenhagen.

Died. Marcel Schein, 57, one of the world's top cosmic-ray experts, who has sent balloons equipped with photographic plates 100,000 ft. up to record collision of the highest energies known to man; of a heart attack suffered while ice skating; in Chicago.

Died. Countess Mounbatten of Burma (née the Hon. Edwina Cynthia Annette Ashley), 58, aristocratic English beauty who traded her famous gowns for nursing garb at the outbreak of World War II and has worked for the Red Cross ever since, as the last Vicereine of India won the affection of India's impatient nationalists; in her sleep; in Jesselton, North Borneo.

Died. Adone Zoli, 72, leading Christian Democrat and onetime (1957-58) Premier of Italy, sponsor of hard-money policies as Minister of the Budget (1956-58); in Rome.

Died. Sir Leonard Woolley, 79, British archaeologist whose excavations uncovered important portions of ancient Middle East civilizations, including the city of Ur in Iraq, from which Abraham started out to found the Hebrew nation; in London.

Died. Sir Herbert Grierson, 94, English literary scholar whose pithy analyses (*Metaphysical Poets, Donne to Butler*) revived the popularity of Donne, Herbert and the other metaphysical poets; in Cambridge, England.



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James Boswell drank here [White Horse, of course]

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BOOKS

As She Lay Dying

THE GRASS (216 pp.)—Claude Simon, translated by Richard Howard—Brazilier (\$3.75).

The best, and one of the most eccentric, of France's New Realist writers is Claude Simon, author of the powerful and murky novel, *The Wind* (TIME, April 13). His current book is a little less powerful and somewhat more murky. Author Simon's moody, fitful sentences blow on for a thousand words or so before subsiding. He qualifies each thought, hedges each qualification, follows divergent ideas out of sight through cat's cradles of parentheses and dashes. He is as fond as Faulkner of the present participle. When it seems that he must stop, affix a period and begin a new sentence with "He said . . ." Simon merely drops a comma to catch his breath and continues with "saying . . ."

If Simon's chapter-sentences are read quickly, and if the reader does not follow his natural inclination to stop and sort out thoughts and thinkers, the effect can be astonishing. The author skillfully creates a sense of frenzy and foreboding. Through the haze, objects, people and fragments of speech are seen and heard with heightened clarity. Mood and character are conveyed with subtlety and force. But complicated events and relationships often are lost to view.

The fact mattered little in *The Wind*, in which only one character is of much importance. *The Grass*, which tells the story of the deterioration of a French provincial family, as an old aunt lies dying, is more intricate and less suited to Simon's techniques. Parts of the book are brilliant—notably the scenes of bickering between the dying woman's brother and sister-in-law. Realist Simon forces the reader to note precisely the tics and twitches of decaying minds, and to feel the texture of withering flesh. But something is lost when Simon's subject is less elemental than death. The reader never really learns what is happening to the book's narrator, the daughter-in-law of the bickering couple. The same uncertain fog enshrouds her husband—or is it her lover? Ambiguity has its uses, but Author Simon's manner sometimes seems to be the pointless result of a powerful technique thoughtlessly applied.

Death to Taxes!

THE LAW AND THE PROFITS (246 pp.)—C. Northcote Parkinson—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

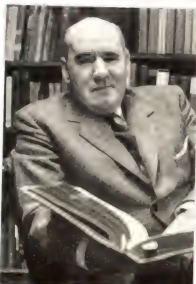
During World War II, a chairborne British army officer was assigned to a secret project "not essential to winning the war." In command was an air admiral, assisted by a full colonel, assisted by a major. Fourth in line was Captain Parkinson. One day the admiral was sent on a mission, the colonel went on leave, and the major was taken sick. Left in full



OSBORN'S "TAX COLLECTOR"
Concubines are cheaper than welfare.

charge, Captain Parkinson found that he did all of the project's work in an hour. Actually, C. (for Cyril) Northcote Parkinson had discovered the most intriguing fact about the apple since Newton—how many bureaucrats it takes to polish it.

Put in its now classic form, *Parkinson's Law* (TIME, Oct. 28, 1957) holds that "work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion," ergo, an organization's personnel mushrooms faster than mushrooms. In his earlier book, Author Parkinson also bantered entertainingly on how to tell somebodies from nobodies at cocktail parties (the somebodies come late and shun walls), how institutions achieve perfection of layout just before collapsing, and how the deliberations of any finance committee "will be in inverse proportion to the sum involved." *The*



AUTHOR PARKINSON
Red ink is dearer than blood.

Law and the Profits, well illustrated by Cartoonist Robert C. Osborn, is twice as long and half as funny. Grappling with the tax spiral and inane bureaucratic waste, the onetime Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya has understandably lost some of his donnish laughter.

Epic Tax Dodge. Parkinson's "Second Law"—"Expenditure rises to meet income"—is scarcely a novel blockhead buster. Still most governments, as Parkinson says, are too blockheaded to learn it. The power to tax creates the illusion of limitless income, and nations blissfully spend themselves into bankruptcy. France's *Ancien Régime* bled its life away in red ink before a single head fell under the guillotine. Like certain poisons, taxes can be taken only in small doses. When the peacetime national tax passes 10%, people begin to take evasive action (in Parkinson's view, the *Book of Exodus* is the story of an epic tax dodge). At about 25% inflation debases the currency. Over 35% taxes are aims for oblivion; the nation is carting itself to history's junkpile.

Taxes sap the vigor of a country, says Parkinson, since the proceeds are almost totally wasted. In the old unsophisticated days, kings spent the money on banquets and concubines, and then biology, at least, imposed fiscal limits. But the modern bureau with its research analysts and printing presses gobbles up limitless funds—with no fun to show for it. The life cycle of a bureau is ruled by one law: "It spends and therefore is." In one of the skits with which Author Parkinson enlivens his chronicle, he pictures a breathless female statistician rushing in to the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture's office, bearing one of the thousands of pamphlets the Government publishes each year.

She: Mr. Secretary, here is the latest—*Teenage Girls Discuss Their Wardrobes*—and what a smart cover! We asked them whether they bought their own clothes or whether they took their mothers along to the store.

Mr. Sec.: Gee, that's quite an idea! And what did they answer?

She: Some take their mothers. Some don't.

Mr. Sec.: Why, that's great.

She: But you haven't heard it all. No, sir! Sometimes they argue the matter and make a joint decision!

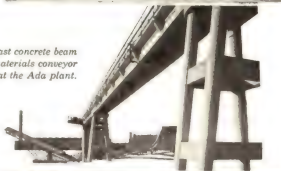
The dialogue may be fiction, but the pamphlet is a 126-page fact.

The Abominable No-Men. Sporadic attempts to pare "the Anglo-Saxon waste line" are balked by "esotericism." In antiquated British budgeting, for instance, accounting is a branch of hieroglyphics, and not even a bureau chief can wholly decipher where the money goes. It is sometimes difficult in the U.S., too. The Pentagon, reports Parkinson, chalked off \$7½ billion in "surplus equipment" in 1958, including "\$60 million in spare parts for the F-100 fighter—unwanted; \$70 million for the Goose Missile—given up; \$374 million for the air-to-air Rascal—abandoned; and \$750 million for the Navaho guided missile—scrapped." These losses, Parkinson feels, simply reflect his

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sub-law that "when funds are limitless, the only economy made is in thinking."

For all the vast sums entrusted to them, bureaucracies never prepare adequately for war or skillfully shape the peace, says Parkinson. The reason: every new idea is in danger of dying a lingering death in the in- and out-boxes of "the Abominable No-Men" who endlessly pass the buck rather than make decisions for which they might later be held responsible.

The Sleepwalkers. Cassandra all but confiscates the jester's bells in the last chapters of *The Law and the Profits*. To Parkinson's somber eye, an overtaxed society lies under a multiple curse. Inertia replaces initiative. The spirit of envy displaces the sense of property. Freedom and purpose give way to a vexatious spirit of rebellion. Individual responsibility slackens and individuality dies. "The tax-gathering utopia," as Parkinson dubs it, that was to legislate an equal chance for everyone has now reared the Teddy Boys with switchblades. "These are the first products of the Welfare State . . . They are children who, by comparison with earlier generations, have been given everything except a purpose in life."

With or without Teddy Boys, Parkinson warns, the U.S. may be sleepwalking down the same path.

A Room of One's Own

BETWEEN THEN AND NOW (160 pp.)—Alba de Céspedes—Houghton Mifflin (\$3).

Alba de Céspedes writes so well about what it means to be a woman that she makes both male and female readers uneasy. She uses only one literary trick: unrelenting candor. And the only thing one can be sure of when her novels end is that life goes on. Daughter of a Cuban diplomat father and an Italian mother, Author de Céspedes writes with a Mediterranean mixture of controlled passion and shrugging resignation.

The Best of Husbands (TIME, Dec. 20, 1952) and *The Secret* (TIME, Oct. 13, 1958) dwell on the theme that husbandly indifference is the most deadly of marriage-killing diseases. The heroine of her latest novel is not married at all, but she makes, ironically enough, a less than original discovery—that freedom from the conventional woman's lot is almost the last thing a woman can bear. Outwardly, Irene's life is enviable. She has left her rich but stuffy Roman mother and struck out on her own. Still attractive in her mid-30s, she earns her living as a journalist, has her own little flat, a lover, and a fierce contempt for wealthy, married, gadabout women like her own sister.

Yet in this dream world of the emancipated woman, something seems to be missing—in fact almost everything. Irene has left the church; yet she envies those women who can sleep with a man and achieve real contrition at confession. Her lover respects her passion for freedom; yet she is resentful because he has never shown a spark of jealousy, and fails to give their affair the color of romance. She is



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so wrapped up in her independence that she will not admit the womanly advantages of being a dependent.

Then Irene's maid leaves. Author de Céspedes is so skilled that she can make this trite crisis the means of her restless heroine's self-discovery. The maid, Erminia, is a simple village girl who likes her mistress but finds her life confusing. She leaves to take a job with a woman who is a tyrant but at least leads a recognizable life: mistress of the house but subordinate to her husband, the master. Through Erminia's desertion, Irene comes to see that tedious family convention is not necessarily more depressing than her own joyless burden of freedom.

Between Then and Now does not promise that, as a result of her new understanding, Irene will change completely. Like the honest writer she is, Alba de Céspedes simply lets her heroine discover that a room of one's own—and a man not quite one's own—are not enough.

Murderer's Musings

OURSELVES TO KNOW (408 pp.)—John O'Hara—Random House (\$4.95).

Perhaps irked by critics who have patronized him for his ability to write flawless (and endless) dialogue, John O'Hara has lately turned to a more inward sort of conversation—the colloquy a lonely man carries on with himself. The protagonist of his new novel is a rich and solitary Pennsylvania landowner who, past 50, marries an 18-year-old girl and eventually murders her. Why did he do it? For a long time, the reader is not told, while the narrator sifts the aging murderer's memories for the quirks of mind and the twists of fate that led to the crisis. The surface answer to this whydunit is that the young wife had an insatiable appetite for men, and that her husband killed her in cold, obsessional jealousy. But it is finally clear that the victim whom Robert Millhouser really loathed and destroyed was Robert Millhouser himself.

Consistent but Shallow. With his usual sharp and overly detailed sense of time, place, speech and custom, O'Hara sets the scene. The events are dramatic enough—the murder itself, a near lynching, and several seductions (not nearly as many, though, as in recent O'Hara novels). But the real drama, revealed piecemeal and with a strange detachment, takes place in Millhouser's own soul. He was born in the 1850s, idolized his father, and never really recovered from the father's death shortly after the Civil War. His mother, a strong but withdrawn woman, could not make up the loss. When Millhouser leaves for college he is starved for love, and he finds a substitute in an absorbing friendship with a brilliant young man a few years his senior. Innocence in the 1870s is hardly more surprising than blue eyes, and it is not until they have traveled through Europe together for several months that Millhouser discovers his friend to be a homosexual. He returns in dismay to Pennsylvania and takes up a quiet life in his mother's house.



NOVELIST O'HARA
As a whydunit, too shallow.

The author has picked a difficult sort of hero, a man whose birth, so to speak, has left him unnaturally sensitive but permanently exhausted. Millhouser has been made thoroughly credible; his character is consistent as far as the reader is able to peer into it. But the view, not deep enough, is too often dull.

Understanding but Awkward. The trouble may be that Novelist O'Hara has hedged his commitment to interior dialogue. He strains Millhouser's musings through a narrator, a young man who begins to talk with the murderer out of curiosity and continues the conversations because he hopes to write his master's thesis in form of a novel. The device is awkward, and the frequent asides to the reader are irritating. A scene in which the young man fancies he is in communication with the shade of Millhouser's mother is as embarrassing as any in recent fiction.

The author's point is presumably that the narrator arrives at the beginning of self-knowledge as he participates in Millhouser's own attempts to understand himself. But the young man with a master's thesis in mind is too solidly fleshed to be a mere literary convention, too ecotoplastic to be a real character. Neither of this world nor decently out of it, he hurts what should have been a good novel.

God-Intoxicated Hillbillies

THE VIOLENT BEAR IT AWAY (243 pp.)—Flannery O'Connor—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3.75).

Author Flannery O'Connor is a retiring, bookish spinster who dabbles in the variants of sin and salvation like some self-tortured backwoods theologian. She is an earnest Roman Catholic who raises geese and peacocks on the family farm near Milledgeville, Ga., which she rarely leaves; she suffers from lupus (a tuberculous disease of the skin and mucous membranes)



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that forces her to spend part of her life on crutches. Despite such relative immobility, Author O'Connor manages to visit remote and dreadful places of the human spirit. In *Wise Blood* (TIME, June 9, 1952) and *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* (TIME, June 6, 1955), she dealt with weird turns of terror and violence as naturally as if she had observed them on her farm. In her new novel, a kind of horror story of faith, the characters are for or against God with a kind of vindictiveness that, the reader sometimes feels, must make even Him uneasy.

Francis Tarwater is 14 when his great-uncle dies at 84. The boy and the old man have lived alone on a back-country farm, and the boy knows what he must do: bury his uncle in the coffin the old man built himself and inscribed MASON TARWATER, WITH GOD. Old Mason tried it out when he finished it, but his belly protruded, and young Francis coolly remarked: "It's too much of you for the box. I'll have to sit on the lid to press you down or wait until you rot a little." Now the boy is digging the grave, and it is hard work. More than that, his secret resentments against the old man rise to the level of passion. For the old man was a windy man of God, a self-proclaimed "prophet" who raised the boy to go into the world to preach the Word. He especially charged him to baptize his city cousin, an idiot child whose schoolteacher father is a sweaty-atheist. At the thought of this mission, young Tarwater is torn. An inner voice tells him that the old man was a fool or worse. He gets drunk, sets fire to the house, where the old man is still sitting dead at the breakfast table, and finally heads for the city.

He baptizes his idiot cousin all right, but he deliberately drowns him in the process. Through the murder, Tarwater thinks that he has exorcised his great-uncle's injunction to preach and baptize. But back home the boy discovers that a Negro neighbor has rescued his uncle's body and given it Christian burial. He recalls the inner voice that had warned him against the compulsion to serve God: "You have to take hold and put temptation behind you. If you baptize once, you'll be doing it the rest of your life. If it's an idiot this time, the next time it's liable to be a nigger." Now, at his uncle's grave, he throws himself to the ground and hears the order: GO WARN THE CHILDREN OF GOD OF THE TERRIBLE SPEED OF MERCY. He is last seen heading back to the city, "where the children of God lay sleeping."

Author O'Connor tells this bizarre plot with her own brand of authority; her hard prose seems armed with staring, hateful eyes. The reader may shudder in distaste but those eyes fix and hold him. And yet while her handling of God-drunk backwoodsmen is based in religious seriousness, it seldom seems to rise above an ironic joke. It is this suggestion of the secure believer poking bitter fun at the confused and bedeviled that lingers in the mind after the tale is ended—rather than the occasional flashes of pity that alone make such a story bearable.

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CINEMA

The Cranes Are Flying (Russian). Director Mikhail Kalatozov goes wild with his camera, achieves glorious effects of cutting and lighting, and lifts a banal love story into whirling flight.

Once More, With Feeling. The Broadway comedy loses some of its intimate wickedness in cold celluloid, but offers a last look at the late Kay Kendall, a lovely clown with a touch of genius.

A Journey to the Center of the Earth, based on Jules Verne's novel, follows James Mason as he descends into an extinct volcano in Iceland, spends almost a year underground with such companions as Plucky Youth Pat Boone and Beautiful Widow Arlene Dahl, is coughed back up through the crater of Mount Stromboli. A grandly entertaining spoof.

Akira (Japanese). It perhaps the finest achievement of Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa, a masterpiece of burning social conscience and hard-eyed psychological realism.

The Magician (Swedish). Something of a magician himself, brilliant Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman unfolds an eerie tale of a mid-19th century Mesmer.

Our Man in Havana. Graham Greene's novel makes a Britannically amusing film that begins as a good mockery of international spies, ends on the story of political satire. Alec Guinness, Noel Coward.

Rosemary (German). Is the film version of the 1957 news story that set nearly every homburg from Hamburg to Mannheim ablaze. One of the most sought-after prostitutes in West Germany, Rosemary was mysteriously strangled with one of her own stockings, and the case implicated some VIPs.

The Bridal Path. In a kilt-edged romp, Bill (Wee Georgie) Travers is back in the heather highlands, rolling his r's downhill toward laughing low-landers in the audience.

Ivan the Terrible: Part 2—The Revolt of the Boyars. Ivan is still terrible, but resembles his historical self less than he resembles Joseph Stalin—which was the conscious intent of the late director Sergei Eisenstein.

Ben-Hur. Hollywood's \$15 million behemoth achieves a rare distinction: a superb spectacle that lives up to its adjectives.

TELEVISION

Wed., Feb. 24

Eyewitness to History (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Part of Ike's trip to South America is covered in *The President in Brasilia*, first of three reports.

Playhouse 90 (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Reginald (Twelve Angry Men) Rose contributes *The Cruel Day*, a play set in revolution-torn Algeria. With Van Heflin, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Cliff Robertson, Phyllis Thaxter.

Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall (NBC, 9:10 p.m.). Guests: Anne Bancroft, Bert Lahr, Kay Starr, Color.

Olympic Winter Games (CBS, 11-12 p.m.). Seventh of the series. Further installments reporting the progress of the games on Thurs., Feb. 25 (11-12 p.m.), Fri., Feb. 26 (9-10 p.m.), and 11 p.m.

* All times E.S.T.

12 midnight), and Sat., Feb. 27 (4:30-7 p.m.). On Sun., Feb. 28 (2-5 p.m.), the 80-meter ski jump, victory awards and closing ceremonies. All on CBS.

Fri., Feb. 26

Eyewitness to History (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). CBS's second report on Ike in South America shows the President in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo.

Sat., Feb. 27

John Gunther's High Road (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Through the beginning careers of five young people, Gunther gives a *Canadian Profile*, from the Maritimes west.

Journey to Understanding (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). NBC gets its own cameras into action to follow Ike through Brazil and Argentina, also shows Nikita Khrushchev in India, Burma, Indonesia.

Sun., Feb. 28

Johns Hopkins File 7 (ABC, 12-12:30 p.m.). A *New Look at the Universe*, featuring Dr. Herbert Friedman, physicist with the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington.

Conquest (CBS, 5-5:30 p.m.). Navy Commander George Bond emerges from a "sunk" submarine, and Air Force Captain Joseph Kittinger dives toward earth from an altitude of 76,000 ft., in a program that illustrates the increasing problems of escape (and how they are solved) as man goes ever higher into space and ever deeper into the sea.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The program takes a retrospective look at *The Turn of the Century*, shows (for the first time outside an Amsterdam film archive) a sequence in which Mrs. Alfred Dreyfus leaves the Paris military prison where her husband was held. Right behind her is Emile Zola. Other strips of film show Pierre Renoir, Claude Monet, Auguste Rodin, George Bernard Shaw, Sarah Bernhardt, Pavlova, Sacha Guitry, Edward VII, Czar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor Franz Josef, British Suffragette Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Leo Tolstoy, James M. Barrie.

Mon. Feb. 29

The Bing Crosby Show (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Guests on the Bingie's special: Perry Como, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay Crosby.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Deadly Game. A Friedrich Duerrenmatt novel adapted by James Yaffe makes a play of some moral and theatrical merit. Retired European men of law place a brassy American salesman on trial in a kind of parlor game. It turns out to be a spider's parlor. With Claude Dauphin, Max Adrian, Pat Hingle.

The Andersonville Trial stages the military court case involving the Confederate officer who ran the deadly prison camp at Andersonville, Ga. Although never paying off on its promise to get to the bottom of the moral issue it raises, the play's bursts of eloquence and bouts of theater make a thought-starting evening on Broadway.

Five-Finger Exercise. An English family's hopeless apartness and snapping tension nearly kill a stranger among them, in a play manipulated quietly and expertly by Playwright Peter Shaffer.



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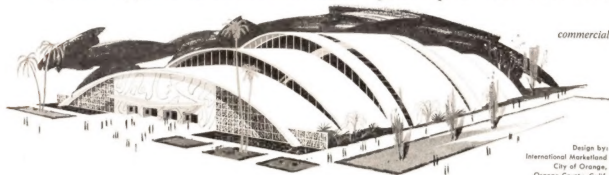
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